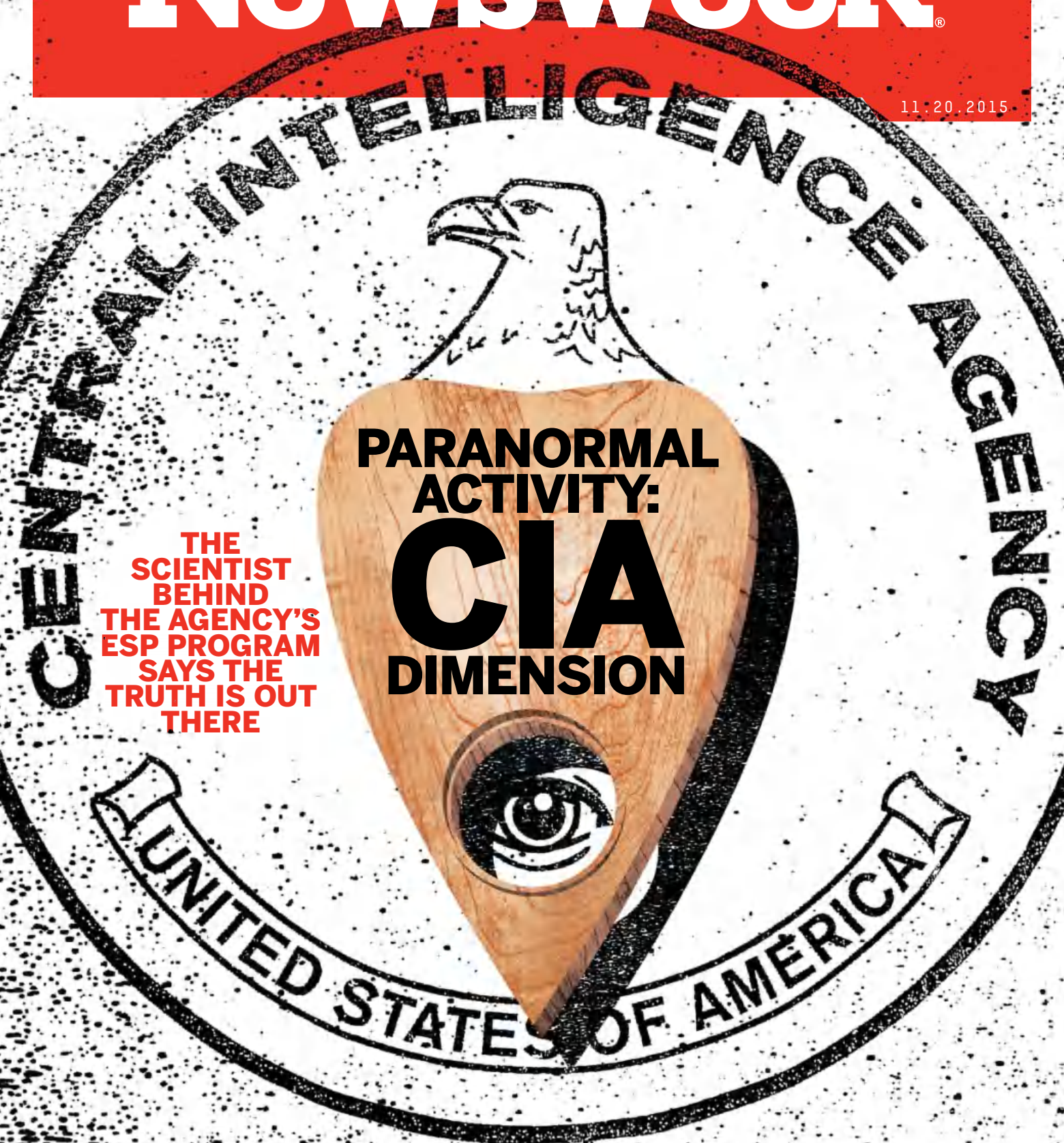


Putin's Middle East Blowback / Hillary's Gender Card

Newsweek®

11.20.2015



PARANORMAL ACTIVITY: **CIA** DIMENSION

**THE
SCIENTIST
BEHIND
THE AGENCY'S
ESP PROGRAM
SAYS THE
TRUTH IS OUT
THERE**

Newsweek®

11.20.2015 / VOL. 165 / NO. 18



THE WRITING ON THE WALL: ISIS has been attempting to destroy the cultural heritage of Syria and Iraq, but a team from the Institute for Digital Archaeology is using technology to combat the militants' efforts.

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An army of technologists is fighting ISIS's attempt to destroy the cultural heritage of the Middle East. *by Mary Carmelek*

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BIG SHOTS

RUSSIA

Finally Home

St. Petersburg, Russia—At Pulkovo Airport, a priest stands ready on November 6 to receive the remains of victims of the Metrojet Flight 9268 crash in Egypt's Sinai Peninsula. All 224 people aboard were killed on their way here from the Red Sea resort of Sharm el-Sheikh on October 31. U.S. and Egyptian authorities say the cause of the crash was most likely a bomb blasting the aircraft apart in midair, and the Islamic State militant group has claimed responsibility. Russia suspended all flights to Egypt and has started evacuating thousands of Russian tourists from resorts there.



DMITRY LOVETSKY

MYANMAR

The Lady Wins

Yangon, Myanmar—

Children cheer in front of the National League for Democracy headquarters on

November 9, after early results showed that the NLD, Myanmar's main opposition party, won all 12 open parliamentary seats in Yangon's voting district. The party, led by Nobel Peace Prize laureate Aung San Suu Kyi, said it had won in a landslide, with at least 70 percent of the popular vote. The elections were billed as the

first free ones since the end of decades of military rule in 2011, but some minority groups—especially the country's persecuted Rohingya Muslims—were not able to participate.



LYNN BO BO







CHINA

Play Misty for Me

Yinchuan, China—A woman practices tai chi in a park on November 9 during a government-issued red alert for dense fog. China, the world's leading emitter of greenhouse gases from coal, has been spewing a billion more tons of emissions per year than previously reported, according to a new report from China's statistical agency. Up to 17 percent more coal a year was burned than previously disclosed, and the discrepancies go back as far as 2000. A significant portion of the coal was used for cement and steel production and, to a lesser degree, electric power to fuel the nation's rapid industrialization.



WANG PENG

U.S.A.

Life Stories

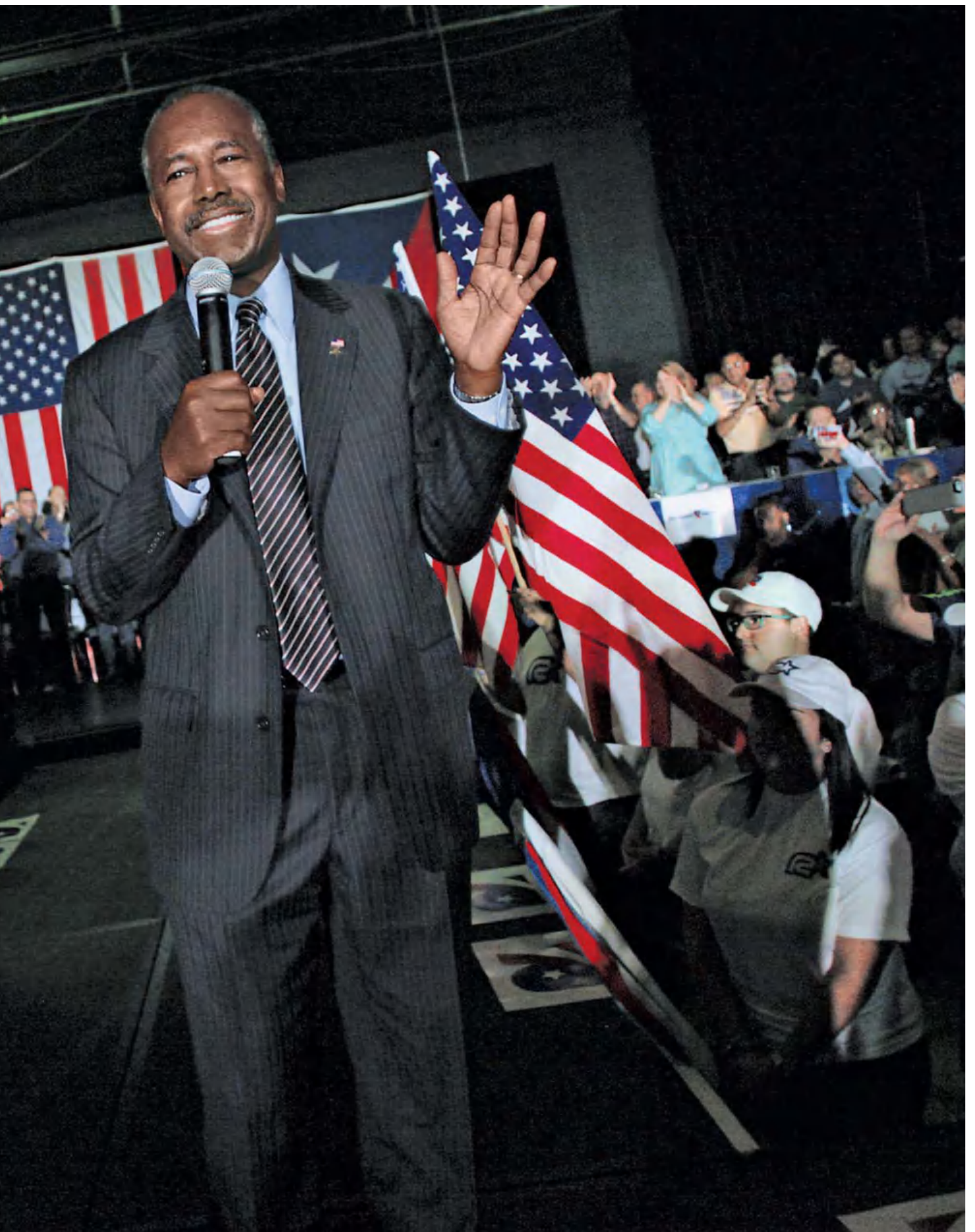
Fajardo, Puerto Rico—Presidential candidate Ben Carson gives a speech at a “Building the New Puerto Rico” event on November 8. Carson’s credibility came under fire after news media found several inconsistencies in his personal history. His bootstrapping tale of faith and redemption has resonated strongly with Republican voters, especially evangelicals. But despite his repeated assertion that he was offered a full scholarship to West Point, it was reported that he never applied to the military academy, which doesn’t offer scholarships. Carson struck back, saying the media scrutiny was an attempt to “tarnish” him because he’s a Republican and the party’s front-runner.



ALVIN BAEZ



ALVIN BAEZ/REUTERS





P A G E O N E

BUSINESS

RUSSIA

POLITICS

UGANDA

INTELLIGENCE

NIGERIA

PUTIN'S CRASH TEST

History suggests Vladimir Putin will hit back hard if it is proved that an ISIS bomb brought down a Russian plane over the Sinai Desert

FOR MOST Russians, the first four weeks of their country's air war in Syria resembled nothing so much as a high-tech video game. State TV channels showed precision bombs slamming into cockpit-screen targets, while sophisticated computer graphics portrayed areas held by the Islamic State militant group (ISIS) miraculously shrinking thanks to repeated Russian bombing. Until, of course, reality intruded and Metrojet Flight 9268 tumbled from the clear desert sky on October 31, spilling the bodies of 224 middle-class Russian tourists and crew members across 20 miles of the Sinai Peninsula soon after taking off from the Egyptian resort of Sharm el-Sheikh on the Red Sea.

Thousands of ordinary Russians spontaneously turned out to pay their respects to the victims. In St. Petersburg—where many of the passengers were from—the enormous square in front of the Winter Palace was filled with citizens standing

with candles in a vigil for the dead. An exclusive Moscow boarding school offered free places for children orphaned by the crash. And even the railings in front of the Russian Embassy in Kiev were filled with flowers, toys and candles placed by Ukrainians expressing solidarity with their bereaved neighbors. "Our media tells us that Ukrainians and Russians should hate each other," posted 19-year-old medical student Oksana Medvedeva under a Twitter photo of her floral tribute in Kiev. "But see how hatred kills innocents. We weep with you, brothers and sisters."

As Russians and others grieved, they were also asking a key question: Was the crash an accident—or swift blowback from ISIS, which claimed responsibility for the attack and called it vengeance for President Vladimir Putin's bombing in Syria? Even as evidence mounted that a bomb was to blame—from satellite data showing a flash of heat just before the plane went down

BY
OWEN MATTHEWS
[@owenmatth](https://twitter.com/owenmatth)





MOHAMED ABD EL GHANY/REUTERS

FALLOUT: ISIS
claimed responsibility for the
downing of the
Russian airliner,
which is seen as
an obvious rebuke
of Putin's support
of Syrian President
Bashar al-Assad.

to photographs apparently showing the fuselage blasted outward by flying shrapnel—Russian officials rushed to deny extremists' involvement.

"There is no connection between the Russian bombing operation in Syria and the Metrojet Flight 9268 crash," Kremlin spokesman Dmitry Peskov assured Russian TV viewers three days after the incident. Egyptian President Abdel-Fattah el-Sissi took the same line, saying, "Any propaganda reports that the jet was somehow downed by terrorists are aimed at destabilizing the region and tarnishing Egypt's image." And when the U.K. suspended all passenger flights to Sharm el-Sheikh and organized special flights to repatriate 20,000 Britons—with their luggage flown on a separate cargo plane because security experts deemed it too vulnerable to sabotage—Russian officials initially slammed the flight ban as political.

"There is geopolitically motivated opposition to Russia's actions in Syria," warned Konstantin Kosachev, chairman of the International Affairs Committee of the upper house of parliament, disparaging those who would blame the disaster on a jihadi response to Russia without proper evidence. Nonetheless, a week after the tragedy, Putin accepted the advice of Federal Security Service head Alexander Bortnikov and suspended all flights from Russia to Egypt until the cause of the crash becomes clear. Finally, when Egyptian authorities confirmed on November 9 that they were "90 percent certain" that a bomb brought down the plane, Dmitry Kiselev of the state-controlled Rossiya-1 anchored a news program devoted to the theory that the U.S. had cut a deal with ISIS to turn a blind eye to attacks on Russian planes in exchange for leaving American and British planes alone. Kiselev quoted U.S. Defense Secretary Ash Carter warning Russia that its campaign in Syria would lead to extremist attacks—"Were Carter's remarks merely bad taste?" asked Kiselev. "Or

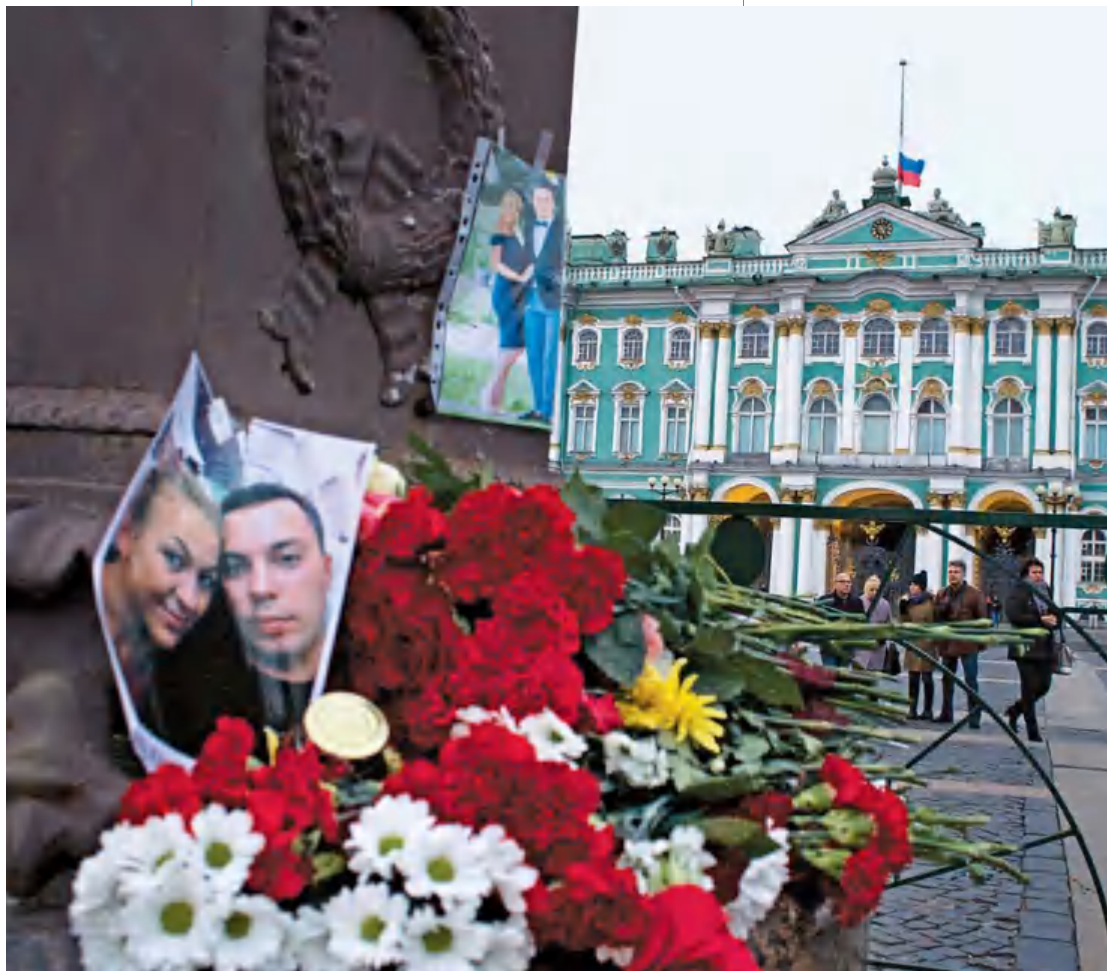
did he know something in advance?"

Until the crash of Flight 9268, Russia's month-long bombing campaign in Syria provided nothing but upside for the Kremlin. At home, Putin's approval ratings have risen to unheard-of heights, topping 88 percent in one October poll, even as Russian exports dropped 31.9 percent in January through September, imports dropped 38.8 percent, and Central Bank reserves dropped \$160 billion to a meager \$350.5 billion. Internationally, Putin took the opportunity to present Russia as an indispensable force for good in Syria, stepping where the West has largely feared to tread.

Now the Metrojet tragedy looks like the first installment of a substantial bill the country might have to pay for Russia's first intervention in a Middle Eastern conflict since the fall of the Soviet Union. A poll published on the eve of the crash by the independent Levada Center showed

HUGGING THE BEAR: Russians mourned the victims of the crash but seem unlikely to turn on Putin, who has thrived on the politics of fear.

IVAN SEKRETAREV/AP



that a slim majority of Russians—54 percent—supported the air campaign in Syria, though a decisive 66 percent opposed putting Russian troops on the ground in the conflict zone.

In a Western democracy, an attack of this magnitude might lead to a crisis of confidence in the country's leadership. Not so in Russia. After the decision to suspend flights, Russia's social media filled with pictures of some of the 45,000 Russians stranded in Egypt's Red Sea resorts, showing up at Sharm-el-Sheikh Airport sporting Putin T-shirts. Over the year and a half since Russia's annexation of Crimea, Kremlin-controlled TV channels have "told the people that the world is hostile and that their leader is defending Russians against an amazing mix of enemies, from American imperialists to Islamic terrorists," says one Moscow-based TV news producer at a state-controlled channel, who requested anonymity when criticizing the Kremlin. "The more enemies around, the more people feel the need to be protected. This formula is as old as politics."

Already, loyal media outlets have cast Russia's campaign in Syria as a historical struggle between civilization and barbarism. "We have saved Europe for a fourth time," boasted Kiselev earlier this month. "First the Mongols, then Napoleon, Hitler—and now we have saved them from ISIS."

Going on past form, Putin is a leader who thrives on the politics of fear. He has been through trial by extremism before—many times—and each time he has answered violence with violence.

Putin's reputation as a tough, no-nonsense man of action was born in the aftermath of attacks in 1999, when a series of still-unexplained bombings of apartment buildings in Moscow killed over 300 people. Putin, then prime minister, ordered an invasion of the rebel republic of Chechnya, which propelled him to the presidency the following year. His first years in power were marked by violent attacks. Each one strengthened rather than weakened support for the new president. In 2002, Chechen militants seized a theater in suburban Moscow in a siege that left 170 people dead—including 133 hostages, all but two of whom died from sleeping gas used to subdue the attackers. In 2004—the bloodiest year of Putin's reign so far—a Chechen suicide bomber killed 51 people in twin attacks on the Moscow metro system. Then a pair of Chechen female students from Grozny bribed their way onto two Russian domestic flights from Moscow's Domodedovo Airport in August 2004 with

luggage packed with explosives, killing 89 people. And on September 1 of that year, a suicide squad of Chechen fighters took more than 1,100 people hostage in a school in the town of Beslan. After a battle with Russian security forces, 335 people were dead, many of them children.

Putin's famous response to those first attacks became a trademark of his KGB-trained toughness, which bordered on thuggery: "We will rub them out in the shithouse if necessary," he said. But ordinary Russians were reassured. Ramzan Kadyrov, the leader Putin installed in Chechnya, did indeed bring peace to the troubled region through what human rights groups have described as the wholesale application of state terror, which shocked Russian liberals but put an end to the attacks.

UNTIL THE CRASH OF FLIGHT 9268, RUSSIA'S MONTHLONG BOMBING CAMPAIGN IN SYRIA HAD NOTHING BUT UPSIDE FOR THE KREMLIN.

Putin's annexation in 2014 of Ukraine's Crimean Peninsula, his support for rebels in eastern Ukraine and now his deployment of Russian aircraft in Syria suggest Putin's worldview remains the same: that violence can solve Russia's geopolitical problems and boost his own popularity. "We will be fighting terrorism in Syria or anywhere," Putin told state television three days after the Metrojet crash. "No one will ever be able to terrify the Russian people."

The problem is that if ISIS bombed the Metrojet plane, Putin's natural reaction will be to ramp up his Syrian campaign. And the Kremlin's arm's-length, video-game-like, remote control air campaign is likely to escalate into a dangerous quagmire of asymmetric war against a foe more numerous, ruthless and murderously inventive than even the Chechens. ■





SHE'S A LADY!

It's a point Hillary Clinton's hammering as she tries to rally female voters, her core constituency. Will it get her back into the White House?

SINCE SHE formally announced her candidacy on June 13, Hillary Clinton has missed few chances to mention her gender. "I may not be the youngest candidate in this race," the 68-year-old said, to cheers and laughter at the New York City event. "But I will be the youngest woman president in the history of the United States."

As a presidential candidate, Clinton is playing the gender card like no one ever before. Besides promising to address women's issues if elected, the former secretary of state has built her campaign on the fact that she's a woman. She cites her late mother's life story as an abandoned teen who worked as a maid and her own status as a grandmother in nearly every speech, and she regularly hits feminist issues of equal pay and women's reproductive rights. In late October, before the third GOP debate, her campaign released four ads targeting working women's economic concerns.

The emphasis on gender is in stark contrast to her 2008 presidential bid, when Barack Obama defeated her for the Democratic presidential nomination. Back then, advisers steered her away from playing up her gender. They crafted an image of "manly" strength—although her eyes welling up during the New Hampshire primary as she discussed the plight of working families was widely credited with giving her the win in that first primary.

This time, she doesn't have to compete against Obama, another transformative candidate, although one could argue that by making socialism less of an epithet in the U.S., Senator Bernie Sanders can also claim he's a history-making candidate.

Clinton is currently surging with core support from women and is savvy to emphasize women's issues and her Wellesley-to-the-White-House tale. She has a huge lead among women, and if she's sworn in on January 20, 2017, it will be owing to their votes. But there are trouble spots. She's always been a polarizing figure, a proverbial lightning rod for male and female hopes and fears about women's role in American society. Now, offering women the chance to see history made, she confronts women who love her, women who loathe her and a muddy middle where the attitude can be summed up as: *ehh*, maybe.

Female support for Clinton heading into the Democratic primaries has been strong but unsteady. Her midsummer peak among Democratic women nationally was a whopping 71 percent, which fell to 42 percent in September. She recovered and by mid-October was at 61 percent, according to ABC News-*Washington Post* polls.

The irony is that the women who most resemble Clinton—white, older, married and moneyed—are less excited about her than millennials (adults

BY
NINA BURLEIGH
@ninaburleigh





ALL'S WELLESLEY: Clinton is fighting a generation gap: Younger women are much more positive about her than are baby boomers, and more excited about the historic implications of her run.

18 to 34 this year), women of color and unmarried women of all ages. Those differences will be critical in the general election.

Pollsters and strategists have a number of theories about why younger women are more enthusiastic about Clinton than her graying peers. One reason has to do with memory. Millennials “have known her as senator and secretary of state and presidential candidate,” says Celinda Lake, a Democratic pollster who specializes in women voters. “They have only known her when she comes into her own.”

Baby boomer women, born between 1945 and 1964, are more volatile in their estimation of Clinton, Lake finds. They remember too much of her baggage, such as her husband’s infidelity and the scandals of the Clinton White House. For women her age and slightly younger, the unease is a female subset of Clinton Fatigue. She is a living reminder of the humiliating fact that not long ago a working woman in the White

IN THE 2008 CAMPAIGN, CLINTON’S ADVISERS STEERED HER AWAY FROM PLAYING UP GENDER. INSTEAD, THEY CRAFTED AN IMAGE OF “MANLY” STRENGTH.

House—wearing pants, no less—was considered revolutionary. “There is more ambivalence about the marriage, which millennials don’t even focus on. [Boomers] are critical on everything from ‘Should she have stayed with him?’ to what she did with her emails [as secretary of state],” says Lake, adding that voters “are always more nitpicky” about candidates in their cohort.

Younger women, on the other hand, are more likely to see Clinton as transformational, akin to the way Obama was hailed as the apostle of hope and change in 2008, when he attracted significant



young female support. Sanders also draws youth, but Clinton's potential to be the first female president carves into his appeal. "Sanders, for younger women, is still an older white man," says Democratic pollster Anna Greenberg.

Younger women may be more comfortable than older women with Clinton because they came of age in a more equal era. Justin Barasky, spokesman for Priorities USA, the largest super PAC supporting Clinton, notes that younger women "have grown up in a society where ESPN runs women's World Cup soccer and everybody watches. I don't think they have the same skepticism about her, if it exists, as people who experienced their teen years in the '50s, '60s and '70s." Priorities USA recently ran Spanish-language ads aimed at engaging women in Nevada and Colorado. One of them, "Mi Hija (My Daughter)," describes a young mother's hopes for her girl.

Young female support is crucial for Clinton because millennials outnumber boomer women when it comes to 2016 voting eligibility, says Marcy Stech, spokeswoman for Emily's List, a pro-choice, Democratic PAC that has ponied up \$20 million for a "Madam President" project to help Clinton get elected. "This surge in younger voters is a huge shift for Democrats," Stech says. "The people we need to win elections are becoming younger and more diverse."

Clinton's female supporters are also more likely to be unmarried, and she does especially well with those under 55 who either never married or divorced. They are more likely to be moved by Clinton's progressive economics in general and her support for equal pay in particular. They are a critical demographic for any candidate because in 2016 they will for the first time outnumber married women—a majority of whom vote Republican.

Researcher Margie Omero is part of a bipartisan team tracking "Wal-Mart moms," defined as women with a child living at home under age 18 who have shopped at Wal-Mart in the past month. In early November, the researchers met with two groups of 10 Wal-Mart moms—Democrats in Iowa and Republicans in New Hampshire. The Iowa Democratic women, four of whom were Sanders supporters, were not

"engaged" by Clinton, one observer said, and the majority of them didn't feel especially supportive of her just because she is a woman.

Lake says Clinton's greatest general election challenge will be winning over older, married, independent women. In talking about her mother and her role as a grandmother, Clinton can make inroads with this group because she sends not just a gendered message but "a value-oriented conversation" about work, struggle and perseverance.

Clinton's staunchest supporters are African-American women. They do not think first of scandal and infidelity when they hear the name Clinton, says Lake. "They remember better days under the Clintons. They thought the economy was better then, and they like strong, independent women." Black women are also as a group more Democratic than white women.

By contrast, Clinton draws the support of only 26 percent of white men, according to a *Wall Street Journal*-NBC poll.

Some of Clinton's close friends and advisers say the gender strategy, whether successful or

BABY BOOMER WOMEN ARE MORE VOLATILE IN THEIR ESTIMATION OF CLINTON. THEY REMEMBER TOO MUCH OF HER BAGGAGE.

not, is more genuine than the 2008 strategy that tried to present her as resolute, tough and disciplined without emphasizing her interest in the welfare of women and children. "Hillary is fond of saying she is the least-known famous person in America," says longtime political strategist Paul Begala, a veteran of Clinton campaigns going back to 1992.

Clinton's passion for women's issues is both authentic and a lure for younger women, says Debbie Walsh, director of Rutgers's Center for American Women in Politics. "It did her no good to run away from the reality of who she is," Walsh says of the 2008 campaign. "In some ways, by not talking about that directly, [the Clinton campaign] didn't let young women get how historic it would be for a woman to be elected president."

If the numbers are any indication, young women get it now. It remains to be seen whether Wal-Mart moms will too. **N**

Gallons
of **BEER**
CONSUMED by
Americans,
2014

Combined
percentage of
U.S. beer sales
(by volume) of
**AB INBEV AND
SABMILLER**,
2014

6.1
BILLION

72.6%

TWO

NUMBERS

45 Billion Bottles of Beer on the Wall

A MEGABREWERY IS ABOUT TO TAKE OVER THE SUDS WORLD

The \$100 billion merger of the world's two biggest brewers will bring together the companies that produced more than 70 percent of all the beer sold in the United States last year. That's a lot of foam.

Americans drank around 6.1 billion gallons of beer in 2014, not including flavored malt beverages and other beer-related products, according to the Brewers Association. That's around 45 billion bottles of beer, which is enough to fill about 9,242 Olympic-sized swimming pools. This equates to about 26 gallons a year per person 21 or older.

(Let's pretend students don't drink.)

Anheuser-Busch InBev and SABMiller are working to finalize terms of the biggest beer acquisition ever and one of the top mergers in history. ABI, headquartered in Belgium, is responsible for America's best-selling beer, Budweiser, as well as Stella Artois and Corona. It started talks in September about taking over SABMiller, which is based in London and makes Miller, Coors and Blue Moon. After the merger, it's likely the superbrewer will control about one-third of global beer production.

Analysts say ABI wants to tap into SABMiller's success in emerging markets, particularly Africa, where it has deep roots. Asia and South America are also lucrative markets for expansion. "It signals a shift in strategy that has been happening over time for large multinational beer companies, away from growth in the developed world to the developing world," says Bart Watson, chief economist at the Brewers Association. "They're turning themselves into a global business."

Some in the industry worry the new megabrewer could be detri-

mental for small craft brewers. The deal may face scrutiny from the U.S. Justice Department, and regulators in the U.S. and abroad could force the firms to shed overlapping assets.

Daniel Kleban, co-founder of the small brewer Maine Beer Company, located in Freeport, sees it as a defensive move by the big companies. "This is all an attempt to stem the tide of small, independent breweries' growth," he says. "They want to dominate the global beer market, that's no secret."

BY
MICHELE GORMAN
@mrch1201

SOURCE: BREWERS ASSOCIATION



SPY TALK

THE UNREPENTANT SPY

An American turncoat says he helped the Soviets and the U.S. step back from the brink. His evidence: a newly declassified government report

WITH EVERY BEER in the West Berlin pub, Jeffrey Carney grew more morose. The U.S. Air Force intelligence specialist, only 19, was struggling with his parents' divorce, fighting with his bosses and, worst of all for someone with above-top-secret security clearances, coping with a clandestine gay sex life. But Carney had another secret that had nothing to do with his personal life: From his perch as a linguist eavesdropping on Soviet-backed forces in Eastern Europe, he knew that Washington's portrayal of the other side was a lie. The enemy wasn't an unstoppable juggernaut preparing to invade the West. Its combat units were barely functional. And it was the U.S. that was trying to provoke the Soviets into an incident that could lead to war.

Depressed and looking for an escape, Carney bolted for Checkpoint Charlie, the gateway to Communist East Berlin, near midnight on April 22, 1983, and asked for political asylum. It didn't work out as planned; within hours, East German intelligence agents blackmailed him into returning to his unit as their spy. If he refused, they made clear, they'd leak his planned "defection" to his bosses.

Carney's name has largely been forgotten in the annals of Cold War espionage. Compared with the big-time moles flushed out in the 1980s, like the CIA traitor Aldrich Ames, Carney was

a worm. News of his capture and conviction in 1991, two years after the Berlin Wall fell, seemed like a footnote to an era best forgotten amid the giddy celebrations of East-West reconciliation.

But a newly declassified, top-secret U.S. intelligence study, released on October 24, suggests that Carney's concerns were well-founded. Called "The Soviet War Scare," the 109-page document was obtained only after years of litigation by the National Security Archive, a private research group based at George Washington University. The study analyzed the unanticipated effects of a massive NATO war game, code-named Able Archer 83. It found that "Soviet military leaders may have been seriously concerned that the U.S. would use Able Archer 83 as a cover for launching a real attack," and that "the war scare was real, at least in the minds of some Soviet leaders."

"[W]e may have inadvertently placed our relations with the Soviet Union on a hair trigger," says the 1990 study, prepared for the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, a group of top former government and industry leaders. "This situation could have been extremely dangerous if during the exercise—perhaps through a series of ill-timed coincidences or because of faulty intelligence—the Soviets had misperceived U.S. actions as preparations for a real attack."

That was exactly what worried Carney—that

BY
JEFF STEIN
[@SpyTalker](#)



HOT COLD WAR:
A top secret report
says a massive
NATO war game
in the early 1980s
put U.S. relations
with the Soviets on
a “hair trigger.”

one shot would lead to another, and maybe even a nuclear war. “We underestimated the Russian psyche,” Carney says. “They were institutionally paranoid. The average American would not launch a rocket and shoot a plane out of the air. But they don’t think like we do.”

Every traitor, of course, has a dozen rationalizations for his treason. And Carney’s was that he believed he could talk the Communists down and avert a world war. “If you’re helping the paranoid schizophrenic not respond paranoid-schizophrenic style, then you’ve done a good thing,” he says. “Because if they shoot down a plane, then we go back and hit something, and then they respond and hit something. We’ve seen it a million times in history.”

As Able Archer 83 unfolded in the summer of 1983, Soviet state-controlled radio started making announcements “several times a day” suggesting

CARNEY FEARED ONE SHOT WOULD LEAD TO ANOTHER, AND MAYBE EVEN TO A WAR THAT COULD GO NUCLEAR.

a U.S. attack was imminent, the study notes. New street signs went up in Moscow and other cities showing the locations of air raid shelters. A Soviet air force unit in Poland began carrying out drills to speed up the transfer of nuclear weapons from storage to aircraft. Some in the Ronald Reagan administration worried that the Soviets were preparing for an invasion of Europe. In response to a Western attack, Moscow’s war doctrine called for the destruction of most European cities and ports using nuclear weapons, followed by a massive



ground invasion that would put Soviet troops on the Atlantic in 14 days.

"One misstep," Reagan recalled years later, "could trigger a great war."

A COLD WAR TABOO

Carney had no idea what he was getting into when he crossed into East Berlin in the spring of 1983. His access to some of the Pentagon's most sensitive electronic-spying operations had driven him to reconsider his initial enthusiasm for the election of Reagan, who had dubbed the Soviet Union "an evil empire" bent on crushing the West. Newspaper reports at the time described the Russians as unstoppable. "Perhaps the first moment I realized there was a problem, a big discrepancy, was while I was waiting for the bus to go to work one day," Carney recalls. "*Stars and Stripes*, the military newspaper, had an article about Soviet superiority in the European theater. I remember laughing with a friend, a Russian linguist, about the numbers and technical information cited in the report. It stood at complete odds with what we saw in our intel reports every day."

The truth, he says, was that Communist-allied units were hampered by fuel and food shortages, alcoholism and even cholera, picked up by soldiers rotating into East Germany from the Soviet Far East. Soldiers were siphoning off brake fluid to get high. He doubted many were battle-ready. "Ronald Reagan," Carney began to think, "was intent on making Russia an evil empire, whether it was evil enough on its own or not."

At work, he began openly espousing his sympathies for the Soviet-backed Sandinista government in Nicaragua. He loudly complained that the U.S. was encouraging anti-Soviet Poles to hijack aircraft and fly them to Berlin. He requested a transfer out of intelligence but was turned down.

Keeping his homosexuality under wraps, meanwhile, was excruciating. "An airman or soldier being drummed out for being gay was no rarity back then," he says. "I shared the fear that I, too, would be discovered, shamed and thrown out of the only thing that had given my life structure." So he "took off" and fell into the gleeful embrace of East German intelligence, the notorious Stasi, which claimed him

from the border guards at Checkpoint Charlie. Its veteran spy handlers quickly dismissed his illusions of settling peacefully in the East. They told him they were sending him back to his unit as their mole. And if he refused? They had his military ID and photos of him in their presence—plenty of blackmail material.

"So I went back a very unwilling spy, thinking I could get myself out of this quickly," he says. "But, you know, it doesn't work that way. It's like the Mafia—you don't get out."

'PEOPLE ARE GOING TO BE SHOT DOWN'

Beginning in May 1983, Carney started looking for "important" documents to steal. The more he read, the more he was concerned about Washington's electronic warfare programs and weapons, which could fry the Soviets' command-and-control telecommunications. "[They] were mind-boggling in their reach and ability," he says. "Many of them were purely offensive, and...would have only found use in a first-strike scenario."

Later that year, Carney learned that U.S. warplanes were about to fly into Soviet airspace to simulate an attack on a sensitive military site and measure how the enemy responded. War jitters were already high with the impending deployment of U.S. Pershing ballistic missiles in West Germany. In September, the Russians shot down a Korean airliner that wandered over its missile testing area on the Kamchatka Peninsula, in the Soviet Far East. Fearing a similar result, Carney rushed to tell his Stasi East German handler what was coming.

He says another incident in particular, in the fall of 1983, drove him from an "unwilling to a very willing spy." Since it's still classified, he

"RONALD REAGAN WAS INTENT ON MAKING RUSSIA AN EVIL EMPIRE, WHETHER IT WAS EVIL ENOUGH ON ITS OWN OR NOT."

refuses to divulge it further, for fear it could land him back in prison. "It was an intentional, aggressive provocation of the Soviet Union in a very sensitive area," he says, "that would have made [Russian radar monitors] flip out."

He adds, "When it was explained to me, I said, 'You've got to be kidding. You are going to push





MISREAD ARMY:
Carney believed he
could avert a world
war by calming the
Soviets, who were,
he says, paranoid.

their buttons. People are going to be shot down.”

That fall, Russia and the United States nearly stumbled into a nuclear exchange. On the night of September 26, 1983, alarms went off inside a Soviet radar station 90 miles southwest of Moscow, indicating that an American Minuteman intercontinental nuclear missile was incoming. Then the klaxon went off, signaling another was en route, then another and then another—five in total. The unit had only minutes to verify the attack. Panicky air defense operators were screaming that it was real. Moscow had to unleash a counterstrike, they said, or lose its missile forces.

Only the cool patience of the Soviet unit commander, Lieutenant Colonel Stanislav Petrov, prevented a full nuclear exchange, according to an account by *Washington Post* reporter David Hoffman in his 1999 book, *The Dead Hand*. Petrov decided that the data, relayed by a Soviet satellite, combined with the absence of any other incoming missiles, was false. He told Moscow to stand down. “I had a funny feeling in my gut,” Petrov told Hoffman. “I didn’t want to make a mistake. I made a decision, and that was it.” But as he told the BBC in 2013, “They were lucky it was me on shift that night.”

11 YEARS, SEVEN MONTHS AND 20 DAYS

In 1985, with U.S. investigators unearthing Soviet spies by the handfuls, Carney fled to Mexico City from a duty post in Texas and asked for protection at the East German Embassy. This time they took him in, flying him to East Berlin via Havana and Prague. But the Stasi wasn’t done with him yet. For the next four years, it put him to work eavesdropping on U.S. commanders in West Germany as well as the U.S. Embassy in East Berlin.

Then, in 1989, the Stasi dissolved, and the Berlin Wall crumbled. Carney found work as a subway driver, but in 1991 an Air Force security team, tipped off by ex-Stasi informers, swept him off the street in the former East Berlin and bundled him off to Tempelhof Airport for an “intense” interrogation in which he was denied legal counsel. Twenty-eight hours later, he was secretly put aboard a U.S. military plane and flown through the night to Washington.

He soon got his day in court, pleading guilty to espionage and desertion, for which he received a 38-year sentence. In 2002, after serving 11 years, seven months and 20 days, he was released from the stockade at Fort Leavenworth.

Now puffy-faced and thick at the waist, Carney says he cannot get a job because of his conviction. For income, he collects rents from a building he partly owns in Ohio. In 2013, he self-published a memoir, *Against All Enemies: An American’s Cold War Journey*, which drew scant attention. But now that the U.S. has released the top-secret report, Carney says the document explains why he helped the Communists. Spies like him, on both sides, helped keep the peace, he argues, by ferreting out each side’s true military capabilities and intentions. That’s self-serving, since the disclosures of just two of the Soviets’ moles, Ames in the CIA and Robert Hanssen in the FBI, led the Kremlin to kill perhaps several dozen U.S. spies in Russia.

But Carney has few regrets. “I regret the pain I caused people, I regret the fact that I was in a position where I didn’t have the whole picture and I made decisions where I ended up hurting people,” he says. “Unintentionally, though, I think what I did—and there are hundreds and hundreds of people who did what I did, on both sides: American spies, Russian spies, German spies—all of us together made it basically impossible for a war to break out. And I think that’s where the focus should be.” **N**

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Boxing In Boko Haram

CAN NIGERIA'S PRESIDENT MUHAMMADU BUHARI FULFILL HIS PLEDGE TO DEFEAT THE DEADLY ISLAMIST GROUP BY THE END OF THE YEAR?

ON OCTOBER 14, during a meeting with General David Rodriguez, commander of U.S. Africa Command, Nigerian President Muhammadu Buhari made an ambitious promise. Though only in the fifth month of his presidency, Buhari said the insurgency waged by the Islamist militant group Boko Haram would be over by the end of the year. Is that possible?

Boko Haram doesn't hold the territory it once did. Since February, the Nigerian army—backed by troops from Chad, Cameroon and Niger—has chased the militants from most of their strongholds. The group currently holds just a few small areas of the Sambisa Forest in the northeast. On October 28, Nigerian troops rescued 338 people—most

of them women and children—from Boko Haram militants on the edge of the forest. More than a month earlier, a Nigerian military official said schools in Borno towns that Boko Haram had controlled were reopening. Some of those schools had been closed for more than two years.

In six years, Boko Haram has killed more than 20,000 people and displaced another 2.3 million civilians. In April 2014, it kidnapped 276 schoolgirls from the remote town of Chibok, grabbing world attention; 219 girls remain missing. At the beginning of the year, five months before Buhari's predecessor, Goodluck Jonathan, handed over power in a rare peaceful transition, Boko Haram held about 19,000 square miles

of territory in Nigeria's northeast, an area roughly the size of Belgium.

"Boko Haram's emergence and continuation is in large part rooted in weak governance and widespread corruption that have undermined key institutions in Nigeria, including the armed forces," says Elizabeth Donnelly, assistant head of the Africa Program at Chatham House in London. Local media reports, Donnelly says, claimed that some soldiers in the northeast, where Boko Haram is most active, were not paid, and that senior officers and officials pocketed the cash. Transparency International gave Nigeria's military a grade E (the lowest being F) in its 2014 Government Defence Anti-Corruption Index. In his inauguration speech

in May, Buhari vowed to stamp out his country's "pervasive corruption." "Buhari has undertaken to reorganize and re-equip the military, something he knows how to do, given his background," says Donnelly. "Abuses by the armed forces have reportedly declined and morale improved—that is an important success."

That doesn't mean Boko Haram is no longer a threat. Since Buhari took office, it has killed more than 1,000 people. "Boko Haram does what it always does in these situations: When it comes under pressure, it adapts to survive," Donnelly says. "Hence, there has been an increase in suicide bombings, raids and opportunistic attacks."

The group is believed to have carried out deadly bombings throughout October in Nigeria and the neighboring countries of Niger, Chad and Cameroon. "Complete eradication of Boko Haram by the end of 2015 is not possible," Donnelly says. "This crisis, this extremist insurgency, was years in the making. Stopping Boko Haram-related violence entirely is not realistic within the space of a few months." **N**

UNFLAGGING: Nigerian soldiers backed by troops from Chad, Niger and Cameroon have made gains against Boko Haram this year, but the fight is far from over.

BY
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EMMANUEL BRAUN/REUTERS


Names in the News

UP, DOWN AND SIDEWAYS

[@WisdomWatch](#)



BEN CARSON


 Told whopper about getting West Point scholarship, may have made up his oft-told story about stabbing someone as youth and is sure Egypt's pyramids were built to store grain. But don't be too hard on him—you can't expect him to know ancient history when he doesn't even know his own.

APPLE

 Posts earnings report that shows it has \$206 billion cash hoard, which is enough to buy every pro sports team or give everyone in the U.S. iPhones. Still not enough to buy *Candy Crush* players a life.




DOMESTICITY

 The modern family is over-stressed and overextended. Politicians agree on symptom, disagree about cause. Dems say we need paid family leave; GOP counters that gay couples stress everybody out.



SPARE CHANGE

 Story resurfaces of newsboy who turned fake nickel into fortune when he found it was filled with Soviet micro-film. He flipped his reward into oil investment and Fire Island disco. Kids! Take wooden nickels!




ROBOTS

 With companies developing robotic sex dolls that replace human partners, technology ethicists implore folks to not have sex with droids. Apple develops iBone sex robot marketed at *Candy Crush* players.



CURVEBALLS

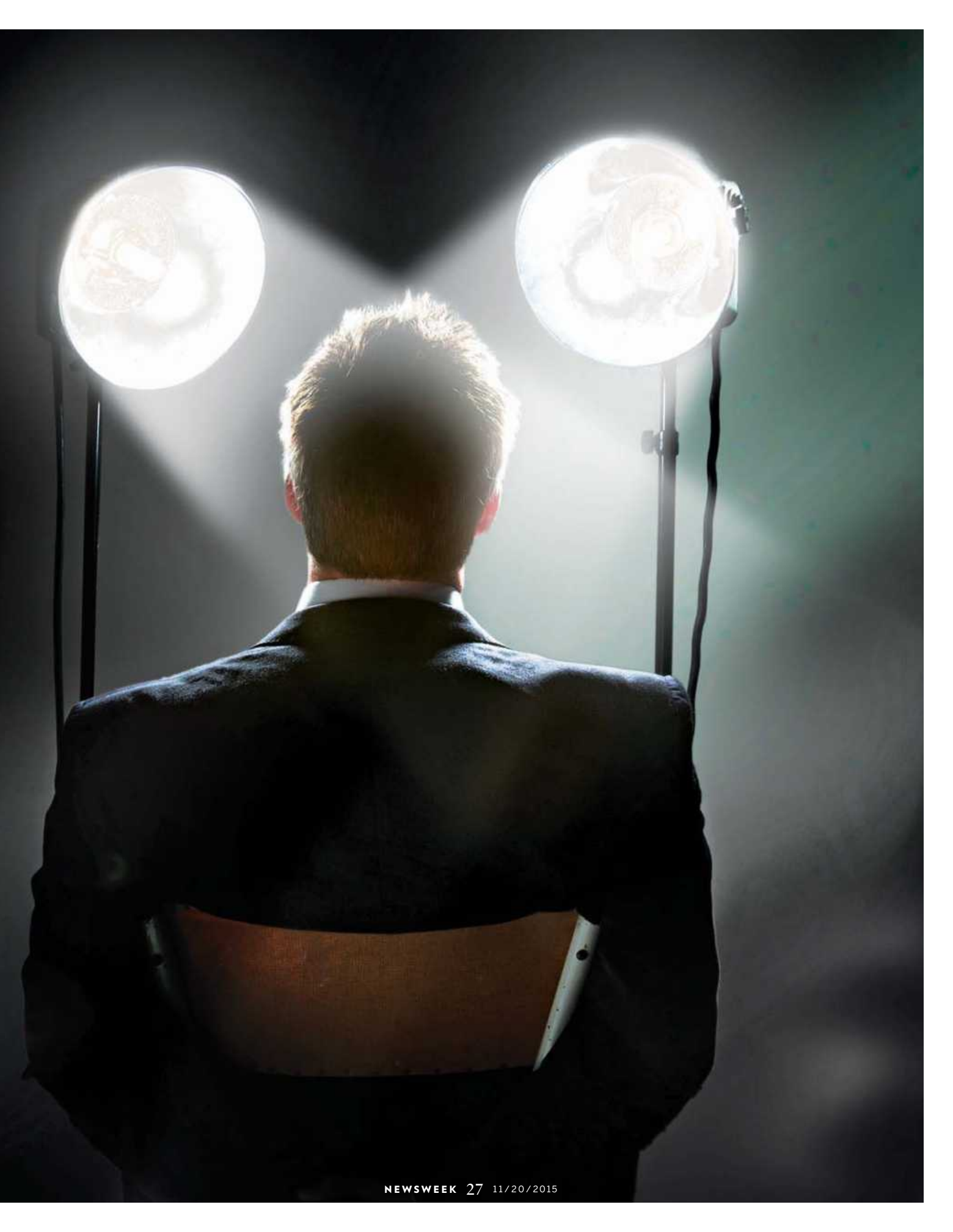
 Ahmed Chalabi, Iraqi opposition leader wannabe who cooked intel to lure U.S. into war, dies. He studied at elite U.S. universities before going into banking. No wonder neocons thought he was one of their own.



Paranormal Activity CIA Dimension

FOR THE
SCIENTIST
BEHIND THE
GOVERNMENT'S
ESP PROGRAM,
THE TRUTH IS
OUT THERE

BY JIM POPKIN



S

STEPS FROM the Hayward Executive Airport in Northern California, a brunette in jeans and hiking boots scans her surroundings for police. She's carrying a 13-pound canister of liquid nitrogen in her hand. She unclasp the lid and dumps the colorless, minus-320-degree liquid into a beer cooler packed with 2,000 tiny aluminum balls. A thick white cloud erupts below the airport's control tower, a witch's brew that crackles and pops. Undetected, she darts back to her SUV and is gone.

Over the past two years, the same intruder has performed this clandestine ritual three dozen times across the San Francisco Bay Area. Without warning or permission, she's released nitrogen gas clouds in front of a fire station, a busy Catholic church, a water tower and a government center. She's smoke-bombed her way from Palo Alto to Alameda, spewing her cryogenic concoction in popular city parks and near lakes, highways and Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART) subway lines.

She's not a Satanic cultist or an incompetent terrorist. Arguably, her mission is even more improbable. It's all part of an experiment run by a former Pentagon scientist to prove the existence of extrasensory perception, or ESP.

Washington's Most Expensive Psychics

TWENTY YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, the CIA released a report with the unassuming title, "An Evaluation of Remote Viewing: Research and Applications." The 183-page white paper was more like a white flag—it was the CIA's public admission, after years of speculation, that U.S. government agencies had been using a type of ESP called "remote viewing" for more than two decades to help collect military and intelli-

gence secrets. At a cost of about \$20 million, the program had employed psychics to visualize hidden extremist training sites in Libya, describe new Soviet submarine designs and pinpoint the locations of U.S. hostages held by foreign kidnappers.

But the report, conducted for the CIA by the independent American Institutes for Research, did much more than confirm the existence of the highly classified program. It declared that the psychic-spy operation, code-named Star Gate, had been a bust. Yes, the CIA researchers had validated some Star Gate trials, finding that "hits occur more often than chance" and that "something beyond odd statistical hiccups is taking place." But the report declared that ESP was next to worthless for military use because the tips provided are too "vague and ambiguous" to produce actionable intelligence.

Like a Ouija board, the resulting news headlines seemed to write themselves. "End of Aura for CIA Mystics," *The Guardian* quipped. "Spooks See No Future for Pentagon Psychics," a Scottish paper reported. "Putting the 'ESP' Back Into Espionage," *BusinessWeek* added.

ABC News's *Nightline* also joined the fray, hosting a face-off between Robert Gates, the former CIA director, and Edwin May, the scientist who had been running the government's ESP research program. Gates struck first. "I don't know of a single instance where it is documented that this kind of activity contributed in any significant way

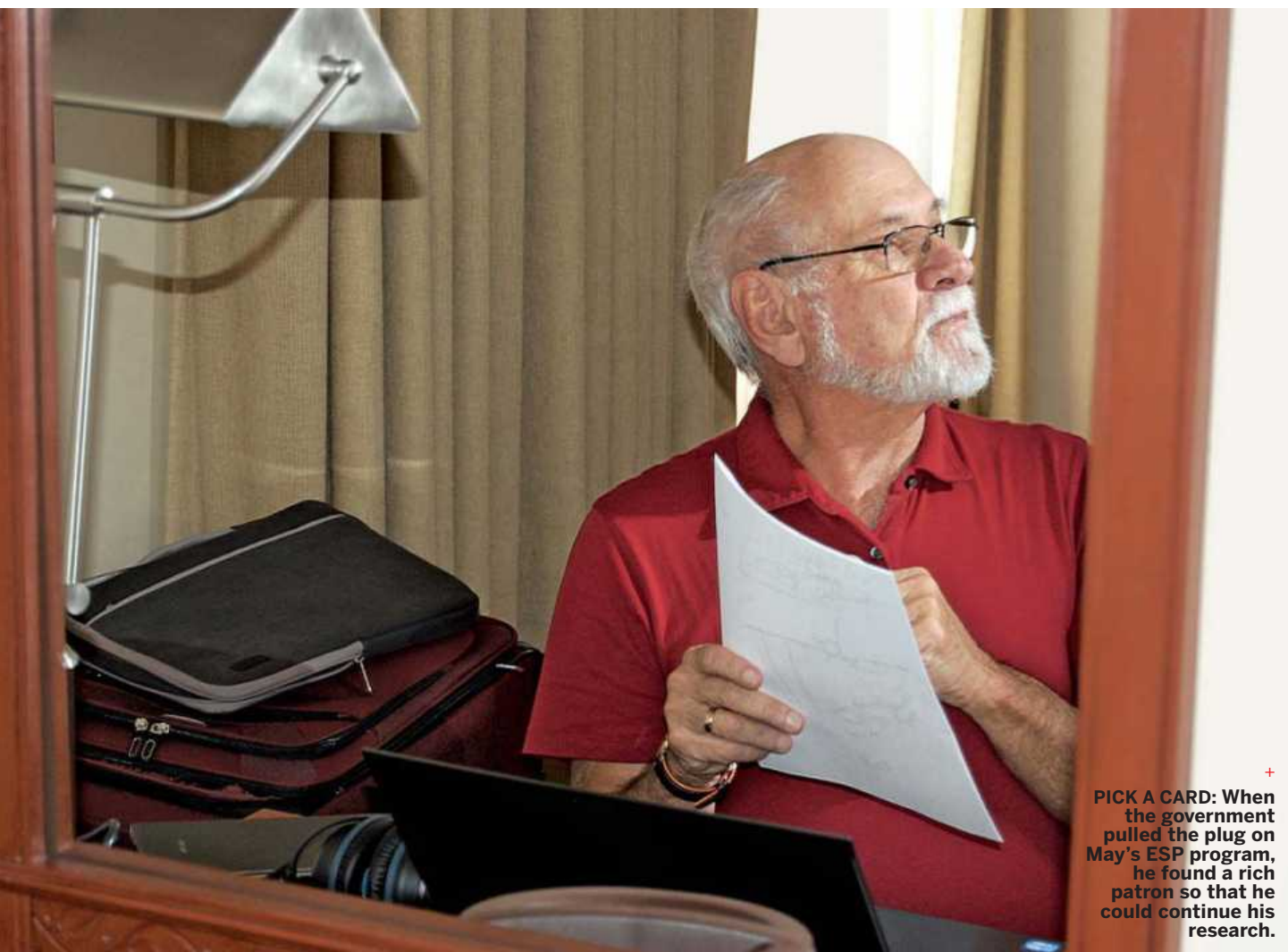
to a policy decision, or even to informing policy makers about important information," he said. May fought back, citing "dramatic cases in the laboratory" in which Pentagon psychics had accurately sketched a target thousands of miles away that they had never actually seen.

That wasn't good enough, however. Already embarrassed and under pressure for the disclosure that one of their own, Aldrich Ames, had been spying for the Russians for a decade, the CIA officially shut down the psychic spies program. Star Gate had fizzled out.

It was November 1995, and May was out of a job. His life's work had been discredited by the CIA, and he had been humbled on national television. At 55, the trained scientist might have retreated to academia or simply walked away. Instead, he doubled down on ESP.

SMOKE DETECTORS: May found the presence of liquid nitrogen enhanced the ability of his psychics to "see" details of remote locales.





PICK A CARD: When the government pulled the plug on May's ESP program, he found a rich patron so that he could continue his research.

A Jewish Hungarian Cowboy

AS A BOY, May always seemed to stand out. Born in Boston, the Navy brat moved frequently, finally settling with his family after World War II on a ranch outside Tucson. "I grew up as a Jewish Hungarian cowboy in Arizona," he says, while digging into a plate of country ham at a tavern in Virginia. Fascinated with the Russian language, he taught himself the Cyrillic alphabet. He fell in love with physics at a local private boarding school and headed to college in New York. "I had a letter sweater in calf roping," he says. "The only guy at the University of Rochester with that."

May graduated in 1962 and began pursuing a doctoral degree. It didn't last long. "I flunked out of my first graduate school," he says. "Fell in with a bunch of fast nurses and learned to play a bagpipe."

His timing was unfortunate. The Vietnam War was ramping up, and the U.S. Army came calling. "It was more than a wakeup call. It straightened out my life," May says of nearly getting drafted. He enrolled at the University of Pittsburgh and buckled down, earning a Ph.D. in nuclear physics in four years. By 1968, with the counterculture movement raging, May had gone legit, authoring a thesis titled, "Nuclear Reaction Studies via the (Proton, Proton Neutron) Reaction on Light Nuclei and the (Deuteron, Proton Neutron) Reaction on Medium to Heavy Nuclei."

May found post-doc work at the University of California, Davis, conducting tests with cyclotrons, but life outside the physics lab began exerting its own magnetic pull. "I moved to San Francisco," he recalls proudly. "As a professional hippie." In the Bay Area, May dropped out, attending trippy lectures on parapsychological research and

"Hits occur more often than chance.... Something beyond odd statistical hiccups is taking place."

experimenting with drugs. With the standard-issue beard and ponytail in place, he took off for India in search of the miraculous. May expected to “make Nobel Prize-winning discoveries of mind over matter,” but he came home empty-handed. “I was unable to find a single psychic, whether street fakir or holy guru, who was able or willing to fit into my scientific framework,” he wrote in *Psychic* magazine upon his return.

In 1975, May’s career found him. A friend recommended him for a job at the prestigious Stanford Research Institute, now called SRI International, in Menlo Park. May would be conducting psychokinesis experiments. Unknown to him at the time, many of the projects were top secret and funded by the CIA.

Three years earlier, spooked by the Soviet Union’s growing interest in parapsychology, the CIA had embraced ESP. At first, the Cold War-era tests were low-key, with CIA officials clumsily hiding objects in a box and asking a psychic to describe the contents. Soon the CIA got serious and ordered a \$50,000 pilot study at the SRI, determined to see if psychics could use their remote-viewing skills to visualize and sketch large target sites in and around San Francisco.

Harold Puthoff, a laser physicist with a Ph.D. from Stanford University, was the program’s first director. The CIA, he wrote, “watchful for possible chicanery, participated as remote viewers themselves in order to critique the protocols.” The CIA officials drew seven sketches “of striking quality,” Puthoff recalled, and “performed well under controlled laboratory conditions.”

Later, a psychic sitting in California visualized inside a secret National Security Agency listening post in West Virginia, right down to the words on file folders, according to Puthoff and a CIA official.

The CIA project director described the NSA-visualization results as “mixed” because the psychic nailed the code name for the site and its physical layout but botched the names of people working at the site. Nonetheless, interest from the U.S. intelligence community spiked. And when that same remote viewer—provided with only map coordinates and an atlas—described new buildings and a massive construction crane hidden at a secret Soviet nuclear weapons facility (but got most other details wrong), multiple U.S. agencies began signing up for ESP studies.

A few years later, two psychologists at a New Zealand university had a premonition about Puthoff: They called him a bit of a rube. Writing in the journal *Nature*, the psychologists revealed that they had obtained transcripts of the original CIA experiments. The psychic who had seen deep inside the NSA outpost and the Soviet nuclear site had been fed “a large number of cues” from the judges over the years, they reported, and it was impossible to duplicate the uncanny results of his ESP testing. “Our own experiments on remote

viewing under cue-free conditions have consistently failed to replicate the effect,” the psychologists concluded. Puthoff, who would also famously declare that spoon-bender and magician Uri Geller possessed psychic powers, disputed the psychologists’ findings and kept running the ESP program until 1985.

Although the CIA stopped funding ESP research in 1977, the Air Force, Army and Defense Intelligence Agency kept writing checks. The Army’s Fort Meade base in Maryland became the program’s secret operational home. In 1995, when Congress directed the CIA



WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE: Former Defense Secretary Cohen was a big supporter of the ESP program and still believes it is an important quest.

to evaluate remote viewing and either take over the program or cancel it for good, the DIA was at the helm. Congress bankrolled and protected the program for years. Well-known defenders included Rhode Island Senator Claiborne Pell and North Carolina Representative Charlie Rose, who once told an interviewer that “if the Russians have remote viewing, and we don’t, we’re in trouble.”

A lesser-known supporter: Maine Senator William Cohen, who would later become the Secretary of Defense under President Bill Clinton. “I was impressed with the concept of remote viewing,” he tells *Newsweek* in an email. “The results may not have been consistent enough to constitute ‘actionable intelligence,’ but exploration of the power of the mind was and remains an important endeavor.”

To May, that’s an understatement.

‘I Believed It Then, and I Believe It Now’

TO HIS ADMIRERS, May is a legitimate parapsychologist. To his critics, that phrase is the ultimate oxymoron. From 1985 to 1995, May served as the California-based

FROM LEFT: DOUG MILLS/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDUX; WENDY PERL/NBC/GETTY



WISH FULFILLMENT? The Amazing Randi, seen here on *The Tonight Show*, co-founded the Committee for Skeptical Inquiry, which says May's experiments were flawed.

research director of the Pentagon's ESP program. A proton-probing scientist by training and a paranormal prophet by choosing, May was that rare specimen—a full-time ESP researcher with a salary and retirement plan courtesy of the U.S. government.

Thick of waist now with a shiny pate and white beard, he could pass for aging folk star Peter Yarrow. May has never met an aside he didn't like. Conversations come loaded with amusing chestnuts ("We'd answer the phone, 'Hello, Division of Parapsychology. May we tell you who's calling?'"), Washington gossip ("You know the Energy Department is run by Mormons?") and TMI ("I hung out with the Wicca community for a while"). But when the talk turns to nonbelievers who dismiss remote viewing as voodoo without examining the evidence, May is short-tempered. "I'm not going to deal with a skeptic who has no fucking idea about what he's talking about. Because he's just making it up. That's bad science. I'm a scientist." And May has even less time for all the former Star Gate psychics who peddle mood-ring junk science online, some warning paying customers about flying saucers and the coming apocalypse. "They are ripping people off, and I have to undo that when I try to sell this to mainstream scientists," he says.

So what is his scientific evidence? In 1995, when the CIA began preparing its program review, May provided the review team with results of 10 experiments he felt provided "the strongest evidence" to support "the remote-viewing phenomenon." The tests, with names

like "AC lucid dream, pilot" and "ERD EEG investigation" detail the success rate of each experiment. One of the CIA reviewers, while clearly in the minority, was sold. "It is clear to this author that [ESP] is possible and has been demonstrated," she wrote in the agency's report. "This conclusion is not based on belief, but rather on commonly accepted scientific criteria."

Today, May says ESP has "already been proved," and defends it like an impatient school teacher explaining gravity. He quickly offers a barrage of evidence and anecdotes to make his case. In a recent interview, May references an obscure presentation that the military's own remote-viewing project manager wrote in 1984 for his Army superiors. According to the now-declassified "secret" briefing, available online, the Army's Intelligence and Security Command had conducted "100 collection projects" using ESP since 1979 for a slew of government agencies including the CIA, NSA, FBI

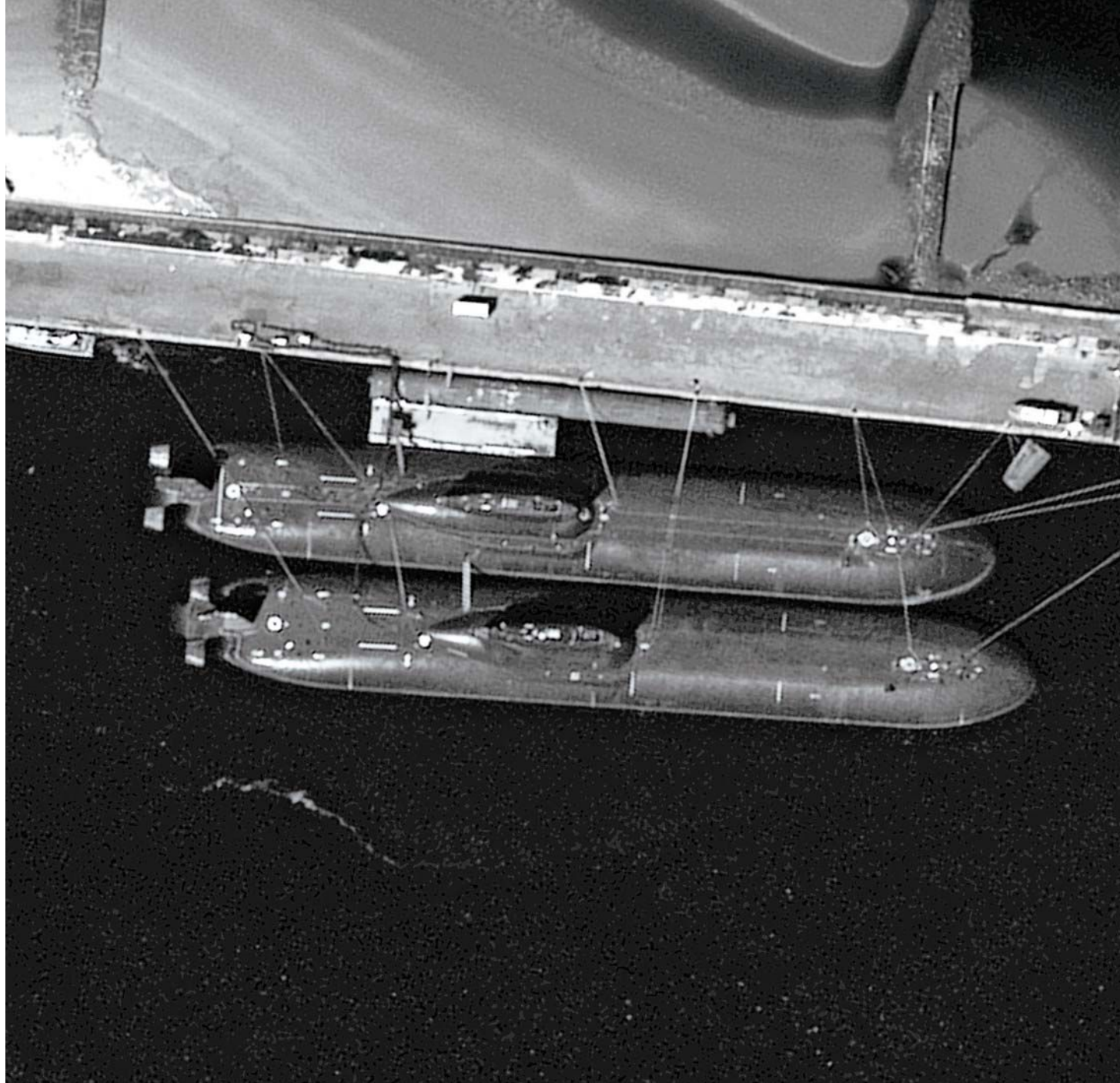
and Secret Service. Several of the projects involved the use of Army psychics to help locate Americans taken hostage by Iran in 1979. "Over 85% of our operational missions have produced accurate target information," states the briefing. "Even more significant, approximately 50% of the 760 missions produced usable intelligence."

May sees the Army report as confirmation that Gates was protecting the CIA when he declared on *Nightline* that remote viewing had never "contributed in any significant way" to U.S. intelligence efforts. "Gates lied," he tells *Newsweek*. "What more can I say?"

Gates, now a partner in the RiceHadleyGates consult-

"I flunked out of my first graduate school. Fell in with a bunch of fast nurses and learned to play a bagpipe."

ing firm, wouldn't comment. But the author of the Army's 1984 report did. Brian Buzby was an Army lieutenant colonel when he briefly ran the Pentagon's ESP program in the 1980s. He's retired in Alabama now and has never spoken to the media before. He stands by his remote-viewing report. "I believed in it then, and I believe in it now," Buzby says. "It was a real thing, and it worked." Buzby says the program was just one low-cost tool that provided an additional source of intel for military and civilian



SUB OPTIMAL: One psychic working for the NSC telepathically “saw” a massive Soviet sub with twin hulls, a detail that was confirmed only later by satellite photos of the top-secret Severodvinsk shipyard.

analysts to weigh. When he learned the CIA had shut down the program, “I was disappointed that somebody wouldn’t pick up the banner.”

For May, further proof of the program’s many wonders is Star Gate’s legendary “Agent 001.” The first psychic to work directly for the Pentagon, then-Army Chief Warrant Officer Joseph McMoneagle began remote viewing for the government in 1978. As a child, McMoneagle recalls sharing thoughts telepathically with his twin sister, and says he honed his ESP abilities as a soldier avoiding deadly attacks in Vietnam. May says McMoneagle could correctly identify a target “just under 50 per-

cent” of the time when presented with five possible options. Using chance alone, he says the best outcome would be just 20 percent.

May cites one intriguing example. It was 1979, and the National Security Council wanted help in “seeing” inside an unidentified industrial building near the Arctic Circle in Russia. McMoneagle began imagining himself “drifting down into the building” and had “an overwhelming sense” that he could see a submarine, “a really big one, with twin hulls.” He made detailed drawings of the giant sub for the NSC. Only later, McMoneagle wrote in his 2002 memoir, did U.S. satel-

FROM LEFT: DIGITALGLOBE/GETTY; SCOTT J. FERRELL/CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY/GETTY

lite photographs confirm the existence at the Soviet's secret Severodvinsk shipyard of a massive double-hulled Typhoon submarine, which constituted a new threat to American national security.

Upon retirement from the Army in 1984, McMoneagle was awarded the Legion of Merit. Given for exceptionally meritorious conduct, his award states that he served in a "unique intelligence project that is revolutionizing the intelligence community." It adds that he produced "critical intelligence unavailable from any other source" for the Joint Chiefs of Staff, DIA, NSA, CIA and Secret Service.

Meeting a Millionaire

FOR YEARS after the government shut down its ESP program, May and McMoneagle tried to bring it back from the dead. They approached friendlies inside the U.S. agencies that had once funded them, "and they fled from us like you wouldn't believe," May says. He was "getting desperate, out of money," and then he met a millionaire.

The third-generation owner of a pharmaceutical empire, Luís Portela, was in a unique position to help. In 1924, Portela's grandfather opened a modest laboratory above the pharmacy where he worked in Porto, Portugal. Today, that business is called Bial, and it's the largest pharmaceutical manufacturer in Portugal. Its products are sold in more than 50 countries on four continents. From an early age, Portela has been spellbound by the paranormal. In an email, he says he's always tried to understand why humanity and religion "accepted too easily some phenomena, so-called mysteries or miracles," while scientists "denied those phenomena, claiming that they did not exist." So in 1994, Portela set up the nonprofit Bial Foundation to study ESP and "the human being from both the physical and spiritual perspectives."

It's a radical concept for such a conservative industry. Imagine Johnson & Johnson financing crystal healing. The Bial Foundation has funded more than 500 projects in 25 countries, including dozens of ESP studies and even research into ghost sightings and belief in UFOs. May has been a frequent Bial recipient, collecting about \$400,000 in research funds for nine ESP-related projects. In the process, Portela has become a fanboy, believing the controversial scientist has helped "foster the understanding of the human being."

Funded by the Bial Foundation at a cost of \$45,000, May's latest ESP study "is probably the best experiment

"I'm not going to deal with a skeptic who has no fucking idea about what he's talking about. That's bad science."

in the history of the field," the Star Gate researcher says. The goal: to test whether "changes of thermodynamic entropy at a remote natural site enhance the quality of the anomalous cognition." That's a two-dollar way of asking whether a sudden release of thermal energy, like a rocket launch or a liquid nitrogen eruption in a beer cooler, can improve a psychic's ability to perceive what's happening at the site from thousands of miles away. "This wasn't something that we just pulled out of our rear ends," May explains. "It was really all the spying stuff we did for the government, where we discovered that when targets involve large changes of thermodynamic entropy, like underground nukes, accelerators, electromagnetic pulse devices and so on, they work much better" in signaling remote viewers.

To conduct the ESP-improvement experiment, May reassembled his old A-team. Out of rural Virginia,

HEARING THINGS:
Former Senator
Byrd and several
other Senate
Select Intelligence
Committee mem-
bers helped keep
the Star Gate
program funded.

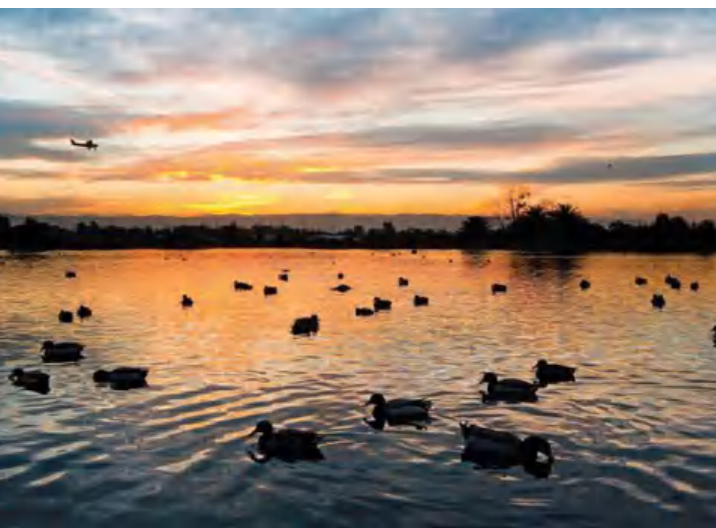


there's McMoneagle, the former Army intelligence officer who won the Legion of Merit. Then there's Nevin Lantz, a former Star Gate researcher who works today as a Palo Alto psychotherapist and "authentic happiness coach." And finally there's Angela Dellaflora Ford, a former Star Gate psychic and DIA intelligence analyst from Maryland who markets herself as a "medium that can help people connect with their spirit guides as well as communicate with their loved ones on the other side."

Ford was one of only a half-dozen women who worked as psychics for the government's program.

Some of her military colleagues derided her because three “spirit guides” would possess her mind during Star Gate remote-viewing sessions and guide her observations. One was a fat cherub, another a boy-like angel and the last a 17th-century British professor who spoke through her, Ford says. In an interview, she also says she once saw a UFO outside her suburban home in 2010. “It reminded me of something like they call the mother ship,” she says. “It was not moving. It was hovering... and then it sort of disappeared.”

Regardless of her unorthodox methods and beliefs, Ford also has her admirers. One of them is Cohen, the former senator and secretary of defense. He first got to know Ford when he was on the Senate Select Intelligence Committee, which helped fund Star Gate even when the Defense Department lost interest. Ford conducted psychic readings for Cohen when he was a senator, and he remains a true believer. “I



+ **DUCK BLIND:** The Palo Alto Duck Pond was one of the sites May asked his psychics to envision; he says the results, if replicable, will be a breakthrough.

did support the Star Gate program, as did Senator Robert Byrd and other members of the committee,” Cohen says in an email. “There seemed to be a small segment of people who were able to key into a different level of consciousness. Angela Ford was one of them. It doesn’t mean that she or any of the others in the Star Gate program possessed psychic powers that could predict the future or peer into the past and retrieve lost information. But there were a number of remote-viewing tests conducted that I found impressive.”

With Ford, Lantz and McMoneagle back on the job, May began work on his ESP 2.0 experiment. The first step was to design protocols and choose 22 distinct Bay Area outdoor locations near his private Cognitive Sciences Laboratory in Palo Alto. Sites included the Hayward Executive Airport, a BART overpass in Union City, the Palo Alto Duck Pond and the Pulgas Ridge

Preserve in Redwood City. Next, May would fire up his Sony Vaio laptop and ask the computer to randomly select one of the target sites. May and the remote viewers would not know the result. The computer

“They are ripping people off, and I have to undo that when I try to sell this to mainstream scientists.”

would also generate a text message to inform May’s assistant—the mysterious brunette, a former waitress named Lory Hawley—where to drive and whether she would create a mini liquid nitrogen eruption. Again, May and the psychics were not told the result.

May worked with the psychics, one at a time, in a quiet room. He placed a blindfold over each psychic’s eyes and then said: “Please access and describe the first thing you see when we remove the blindfold” in a half-hour or so. After getting into a relaxed or trance-like state, the remote viewer then described exactly what he or she “saw” at the Bay Area location. May then entered the psychic’s descriptions into his laptop, assigning a number value for each water feature, man-made structure and other physical element described. Finally, the computer determined the accuracy of each remote-viewing session.

For these tests in California, May drove the psychics to the site the computer had selected and then told them to remove their blindfolds. But many other times, May conducted the experiment using locations thousands of miles away, in Maryland or Virginia, in hotel rooms or McMoneagle’s den. In those cases, May held up a photo of the correct target site for the psychic to see once they had described their vision.

The old Star Gate psychics recently completed 72 trials, with May’s assistant pouring liquid nitrogen 36 times. In his final report to Bial, May declared victory, finding “a significant effect supporting the study hypothesis ($z_{diff} = 1.80, p = .036, ES = 0.425 \pm 0.236$).” Translation: Liquid nitrogen works. The sudden release of energy acts as a flare in the dark, May believes, helping psychics to see across the country and even into the future. “I think it’s very important,” he says of this unpublished study. “If it holds up, it will be a breakthrough.”

You Can’t Bullshit a Bullshitter

CHANCES ARE, Ray Hyman won’t see it that way. A professor emeritus of psychology at the University of Oregon, Hyman is one of the nation’s leading skeptics about the paranormal. Along with his friend James “the Amazing” Randi, he’s a founding member of the Committee

for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, now known as the Committee for Skeptical Inquiry, whose mission is to promote “the use of reason in examining controversial and extraordinary claims.” As a scientist and former magician and mentalist, he’s a living embodiment of the “You can’t bullshit a bullshitter” maxim. Hyman and his skeptic kin are deeply suspicious of parapsychology and other phenomena they can’t prove, including man’s ability to walk through walls, become invisible, stop animal hearts through intense staring or any of the other wacky ideas embraced by Pentagon officials in the ’70s and ’80s and lampooned in the book and movie *The Men Who Stare at Goats*.

Hyman and May first met at the SRI in the 1970s, and originally the skeptic was encouraged. Sent by the Defense Department’s Advanced Research Projects Agency to the institute to observe illusionist Geller—“just a charming con artist”—Hyman grew to respect May’s scientific rigor and ethics. They agreed that the early SRI research was “crap,” Hyman says, providing way too many clues to the psychics and fudging the results.

But when May began running the ESP program, Hyman says, he also created protocol problems. May became the only arbiter of whether a psychic had accurately described a target. “The only judge who could make it work was Ed May,” Hyman says. “That’s a no-no.”

So in 1995, when the CIA selected Hyman to help evaluate the Star Gate program, the automatic writing was on the wall. Although the famous debunker was paired with a known ESP proponent, Hyman’s views prevailed. The final CIA report chastised May for serving as both judge and jury on virtually all the ESP tests. “The use of the same judge across experiments further compounds the problem of non-independence of the experiments,” the report concluded.

Reached recently at his Oregon home, Hyman expresses a begrudging respect for his old adversary. “Smart guy, no question about it—he’s talented,” he says. The 87-year-old professor says that well-meaning researchers like May are trying to bring respect to a field burdened by strip-mall palm readers, 1-800 psychics and Star Gate alums on the Internet who now charge top dollar to purportedly game the stock market, discover the lost city of Atlantis and uncover the truth behind the Kennedy assassination. Yet Hyman believes even the most sincere and sophisticated efforts to prove the existence of ESP have all failed: “Having the window dressing of statistics, controls, double-blind, all that kind of stuff,” he says, “doesn’t make it science.”

An Interview With a Psychic Foot Soldier

A FEW MONTHS AGO at McMoneagle’s home near Char-

lottesville, Virginia, May volunteered to conduct a live remote-viewing test for me, with his ace psychic at his side. “Joe, please access and describe a photograph you will see in about one or two minutes from now,” May says.

McMoneagle sits still for 30 seconds and then begins sketching on a pad. From the comfort of his brown recliner, McMoneagle describes his drawing. “These squares are representative of buildings,” he says. “And these buildings are kind of just scattered through here. So they’re like embedded in a hillside. The roads are not very good roads; they’re more like paths.”

May asks for more. “Float up in the air a thousand feet—it’s safe—whirl around 360 degrees and tell me what the gestalt of the area is like,” he says.

“OK, you’ve got a large body of water. This is probably an island of some kind. Mountains up in here because the river goes up into the mountains. You’ve got a couple of bridges. This is a small village,” McMoneagle adds.

Then May’s laptop randomly selects two photographs



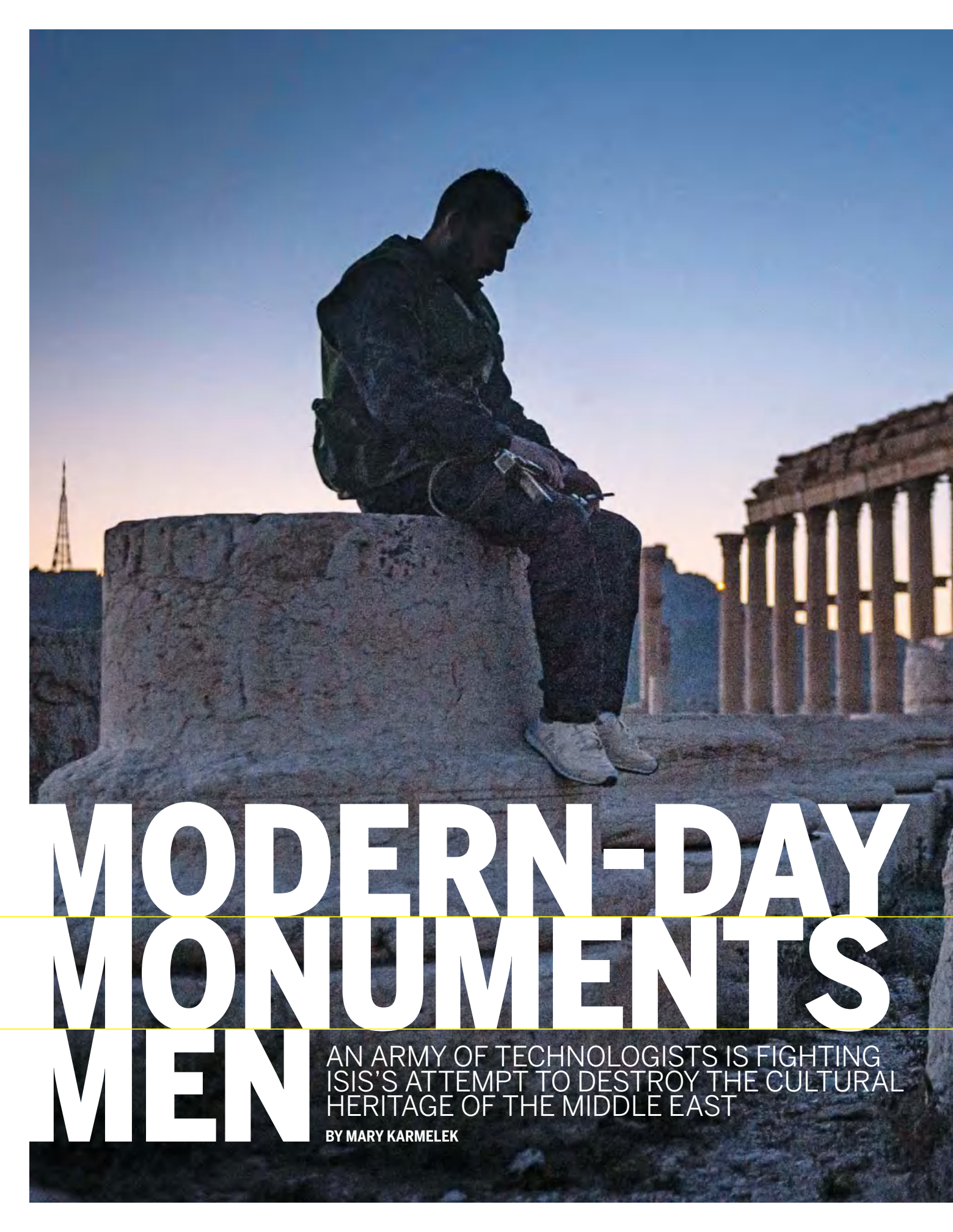
UNSEEN HAND: May got his big break in ESP research at the Stanford Research Institute, although he was initially unaware the CIA funded some of his work.

and labels them Targets A and B. May flips a coin and it comes up heads, which my teenage daughter had secretly decided beforehand would represent Target A.

May pulls out the Target A photograph for the big reveal...and it’s a close-up of a giant waterfall. There isn’t a building, path, island, mountain, bridge or village in sight. Both men laugh. The test has been a failure. “I’ve never gotten a waterfall in my life,” McMoneagle explains.

But May suggests some alternative theories. “There’s a concept in statistics called nonstationary. What that means is the phenomenon comes and goes in unpredictable ways,” he says. He adds that intention, attention and expectation always affect remote viewing, and “we violated virtually all three things in this particular trial.”

Then Ed May pauses and offers his final explanation: “It was just a demo.” ■

A man in military gear, including a vest and a rifle, is sitting on a large, cylindrical stone monument. He is looking down at his hands. In the background, there are ancient ruins, including a temple with columns, and a modern building with a spire is visible on the left. The sky is a mix of blue and orange, suggesting sunset or sunrise.

MODERN-DAY MONUMENTS MEN

AN ARMY OF TECHNOLOGISTS IS FIGHTING
ISIS'S ATTEMPT TO DESTROY THE CULTURAL
HERITAGE OF THE MIDDLE EAST

BY MARY KARMELEK



LAST STAND: A Syrian soldier sits among ancient ruins in Palmyra, Syria, in March, 2014. Many of the historical sites here were destroyed by ISIS in late August of that year.

ON A SUMMER DAY IN 2014, WITH THE HIGH SYRIAN SUN BEATING DOWN, A VOLUNTEER WITH A CAMERA MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE ROSE-GOLD RUINS OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF PALMYRA.

The stifling heat was immediately forgotten as he approached the site, an oasis for travelers since the 19th century B.C. The volunteer drew comfort from the shade of the monuments and stood in awe of the history they carried. But he was there to work; bringing himself back to the present, he readied his camera.

A few months later, Palmyra lay in ruins, another casualty of ISIS's crusade in Syria and Iraq. Its towers and colonnades had been reduced to rubble and its temples looted. From above, it looked as if someone had taken a broom and swept away what had remained of the ancient city, tidying it up for the extremists who now control that patch of ground.

The volunteer, now hundreds of miles from the site, watched images of the destruction flash across the evening news. He was pained, but also knew that all was not lost. The pictures on television, he knew, wouldn't be the last the world saw of these ancient wonders.

The contribution the Monuments Men made to the Western artistic heritage is unquestionable. Made up of historians, professors, arts professionals and curators, the Monuments Men (there were also a few women) worked during World War II to recover and protect looted works of art from the Nazis. Without them, much of Europe's most important artwork—Botticelli's *The Birth of Venus*, Vermeer's *The Astronomer*, Jan van Eyck's *Adoration of the Mystic Lamb*—would have been lost forever. More than 70 years later, the world of historic art and architecture has found itself in similar

CAMPAIGN MATERIALS: These images were released by ISIS as propaganda promoting its crusade of violence in Syria. TOP: ISIS militants destroy artifacts in the Mosul Museum. BOTTOM: An ISIS demolition of the Baalshamin Temple in Palmyra.

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threatening circumstances. Areas of the Middle East have been embroiled in warfare for years, and the casualties include ancient, priceless architecture.

Since taking over much of Syria and parts of northern and western Iraq in 2014, the Islamic State militant group, also known as ISIS, has been on a campaign to destroy the cultural heritage of those countries, obliterating ancient sites it believes to be sacrilegious and idolatrous. ISIS has posted footage of temples being destroyed by fire, dynamite, bulldozers, pickaxes and sledgehammers. Christian and Muslim shrines are being targeted: the ancient Assyrian Northwest Palace at Nimrud; Mosul Museum in Iraq; and the temples of Baal Shamin and Bel, both in the ancient city of Palmyra in Syria, have all been looted and destroyed. ISIS's actions have gotten the most attention, but it isn't the only group despoiling these ancient sites. As various factions vie for power in Syria, it seems that all parties, including the regime of Bashar al-Assad, the Free Syrian Army and unaffiliated locals, are guilty of attempts to plunder and profit from ancient artifacts.

The destruction and exploitation of art and architecture has parallels to what occurred during World War II, and it would be criminal for the world to stand aside and let it go on unchallenged. Yet, unlike much of the artwork rescued during World War II, the endangered architecture in the Middle East can't be carted away to safety. But as the obstacles of preservation have evolved, so has the ability to



FACIAL RECONSTRUCTION: Carvings in the courtyard of the sanctuary of Baal in Palmyra, before ISIS destroyed them. The IDA managed to reach Palmyra before the destruction; the hope is that its work will enable researchers to re-create the site.

address new situations. That's why a team from the Institute of Digital Archaeology (IDA) is turning to the next best option—using technology to protect cultural heritage.

Founded in 2012 by Roger Michel, IDA is a joint effort between Harvard University and Oxford University to create an open-source database of high-resolution images and three-dimensional graphics of things like paper and papyrus documents, epigraphs and small artifacts. The work began in the lab and eventually moved into the field, where project participants began to digitally document ancient architecture with the thinking that they could help to ensure the legacy of these sites would be protected from things like environmental disasters and aging foundations. They didn't expect to be battling ISIS.

Work on what IDA has named the Million Image Database began in early 2015. In order to quickly create photographic equipment unique to this project, a technology team, led by magnetician Alexy Karenowska, was assembled at Oxford to develop a low-cost, easy-to-use 3-D camera. They took an off-the-shelf model and modified it heavily, adding features like macro mode (which enables focusing on close-range objects), the use of file formats that

ISIS HAS POSTED FOOTAGE OF TEMPLES BEING DESTROYED BY FIRE, DYNAMITE, BULLDOZERS, PICKAXES AND SLEDGEHAMMERS.

could store anaglyph information—different-colored layers of a photograph superimposed to create a stereoscopic three-dimensional effect—and automated GPS stamping.

The GPS function is particularly useful for tracking down looted artifacts, especially when dealing with a group like ISIS that has its own “ministry of antiques” helping to smuggle items into art markets. If an item that has been pillaged shows up in the marketplace, investigators can consult the time- and location-stamped images to see if the artifact had previously been in one of the documented locations. This past August, the FBI put out an alert for art dealers to be on the lookout for stolen artifacts from the Syria and Iraq regions, reminding them that purchasing such items is a federal crime. If looted artifacts become unsellable, it will be one less factor motivating the devastation of treasured ancient sites.

With the camera development underway, it was time to choose the targets. UNESCO and IDA came

up with a list of the most threatened sites in Jordan, Afghanistan, Turkey, Syria, Yemen, Egypt, Iran and Iraq. The specifics can't be discussed publicly due to the sensitive nature of the project and concerns for the safety of those involved. But many of the sites chosen were on UNESCO's List of World Heritage in Danger—including Palmyra, which the team was able to reach and document before its destruction.

Once sites were chosen and the cameras designed and built, UNESCO and IDA needed to get them into the hands of willing participants. That task fell to IDA Field Director Ben Altshuler, who worked with UNESCO, which already had a good number of people on the ground in the affected areas and field organizations in Syria, Lebanon and Iraq. Altshuler also assembled a “veritable army” of museum employees, members of antiquary societies, archaeologists and others involved in preserving cultural inheritance.

The volunteers have ample local knowledge of the targets, which in many ways makes them more equipped to assess an area than any third-party security detail. But there are obvious risks still involved for those on the ground working to check ISIS's cultural cleansing. They've taken strict precautions: All volunteers are told to avoid areas directly controlled by ISIS or its sympathizers. They have also built in a three-month lag time between when pictures are taken and when they are posted, making it difficult to ascertain the photographer of any given site. While volunteers have not had any direct confrontations with those looking to do them harm, other challenges have arisen. For example, the team discovered that high-speed Internet was not always available in parts of the Middle East. To remedy the problem, cameras are now given out with prepaid mailers so participants can send back filled memory cards.

Overall, Michel notes that the project has been going much smoother than anticipated. He estimates they have about 1,000 cameras in the field now and plan to have up to 5,000 by the end of the year. With over 200,000 images already scanned, they are on track to have 1 million or more by year's end. And despite the risks, “people seem to have an appetite for this,” says Michel.

The project is about more than just averting the loss of some old piles of stone. Katharyn Hanson, a University of Pennsylvania fellow whose archaeological work focuses on the protection of cultural heritage, notes that the loss of ruins in places like Palmyra and Nimrud—a 3,000-year-old city in



ABOVE: On the left is an image of the Bel Temple at Palmyra, before its destruction. On the right is a digital re-creation made up of images taken by IDA volunteers. **BELOW:** Satellite images of Palmyra, before and after ISIS destroyed the site.

Iraq with hundreds of registered historical sites—can inflict acute suffering on people in the region. “It is vitally important that we remember that the built cultural heritage of a place is deeply connected to a local population's sense of identity,” she says.

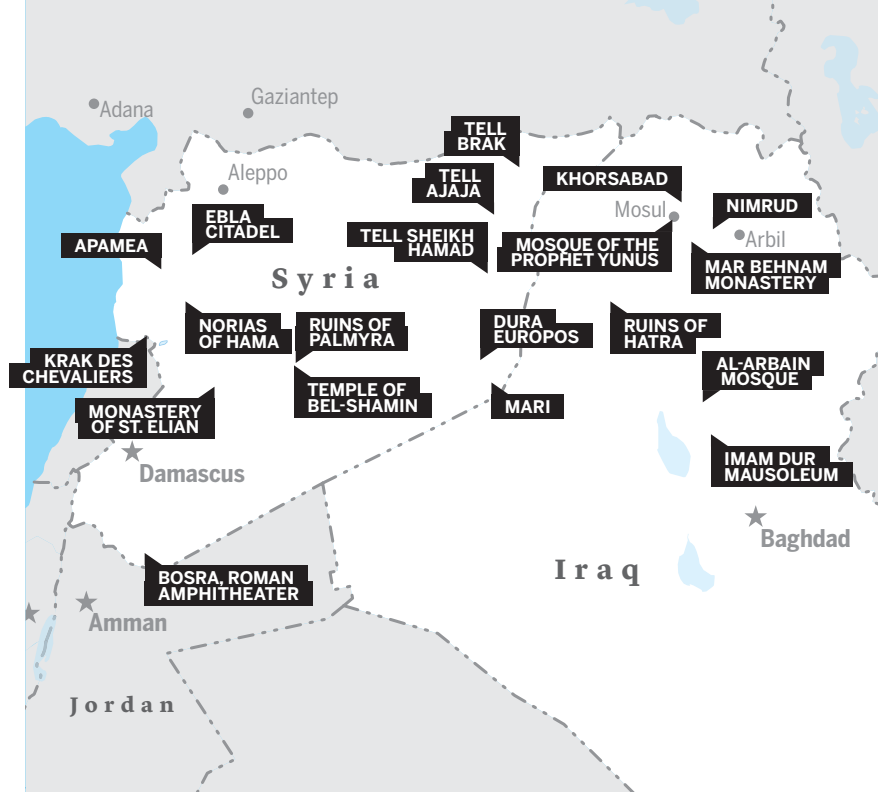
The Middle East has been a crossroads for centuries, and it is one of the most culturally textured places on the planet. For example, as one of the longest-inhabited cities in the world, Palmyra featured styles of architecture ranging from pre-

Hellenistic to high classical, with structures built from the fifth century B.C. to the first century. Its temple complex had served as a Roman trading post, a mosque, a Christian church and a major crossroads for the Silk Road, and the city had “the best-preserved Roman architecture in the eastern Mediterranean,” according to Hanson.

“If ISIS is successful in wiping the slate clean and blotting out from the landscape these objects and architecture, it won't be long until people forget that they ever existed,” says Michel. We can't recover the original Palmyra, but thanks to the work of IDA, the ancient sites there will still be accessible to the public in some form. And in some cases, the project will even allow for certain sites to be rebuilt.

Buildings that were destroyed could be built in the exact likeness of the original, thanks to new 3-D concrete-printing technology. According to Michel, “Concrete was one of the most widely used materials in the classical period, so we'd be using essentially the





ON THE WAR-PATH: This map shows some of the historical and archaeological sites where looting and destruction by ISIS has been reported by local eyewitnesses, uncovered via satellite analysis or disseminated by ISIS itself.

THERE ARE ALREADY PLANS TO CONSTRUCT A REPLICA OF THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH, A SECOND-CENTURY TRIPLE ARCHWAY BUILT IN PALMYRA BY THE ROMANS.

same materials that these structures were built from originally.” There are already plans to construct a replica of the Temple of Bel arch, a second-century triple archway built in Palmyra by the Romans, for World Heritage Day in London during March of next year. The temple’s main building and colonnade were leveled between August and September of this year, but satellite images showed that although it had been heavily damaged, the arch avoided complete destruction. “The structure’s remarkable resilience yet still uncertain fate will make our reconstruction of it, we feel, a powerful and thought-provoking centerpiece for the March event,” Karenowska noted. The reconstructed arch will be retained in England until it can one day be placed back in Palmyra.

Reconstruction may not be the “purest” form of preservation, but in cases where there aren’t many other options, it might be the best course of action. “When you watch satellite images of structures like the Temple of Bel in Palmyra just reduced to rubble over the course of five minutes,” says Michel, “I think you realize that the normal rules have kind of gone out the window.” Hanson supports the reconstructions, though she believes preserving the architecture is less important than what the efforts to rebuild would symbolize. “After the shrines are exploded,” Hanson says, “the sites themselves are bulldozed and wiped clean [by ISIS] in order to physically erase their memory.” A reconstruction of any sort, in any location, would be working against what ISIS hoped to accomplish.

Last month, a major partnership was cemented between IDA, UNESCO and the Dubai Museum of the Future Foundation in the United Arab Emirates. The museum, slated to open in 2017, aims to become a center of innovation by attracting engineers, designers, scientists, researchers, financiers and

pioneers of all kinds to come together and collaborate on future technologies. By partnering with the Dubai Museum of the Future Foundation, IDA will have the resources to more than double its output of reconstructions. Originally hoping for three or four projects in the next 18 months, it is now aiming for close to 10. The partnership has been a real “morale booster,” Michel says. “This is a true 24/7 job, and having the strong endorsement of important regional stakeholders really encourages us to give the proverbial 110 percent.”

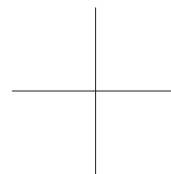
Currently, an online portal is being developed by IDA that will house all of the collected images from the project. They will be available to the public sometime in early 2016, giving many an opportunity to see places they never knew existed until they’ve become headlines as casualties of war.

Michel and his team are focused on fighting back, using means that are “constructive instead of destructive.” It seems to be working: Despite an attempt to eradicate the cultural heritage of the Middle East, ISIS has inspired new ways for it to spread. By stimulating IDA’s plans for creative collaborations taking place on a global scale, ISIS has opened up a dialogue between those it most desperately wanted to silence. **N**





NEW WORLD



INNOVATION

CARS

CLIMATE

SPACE

INTERNET

HEALTH

GOOD SCIENCE

GREEN PRIX RACING


An all-electric auto racing championship seeks to prove that battery-powered cars aren't wimpy

ASPHALT INVESTMENT: British billionaire Richard Branson is a Formula E team owner, as are actor Leonardo DiCaprio and legendary Formula One racing families Andretti and Prost.

ELECTRIC VEHICLES are just starting to appear on streets and highways in large numbers, but already they're being raced professionally. Formula E—a motor racing championship sanctioned by the Federation Internationale de l'Automobile, the governing body for Formula One—wound up its inaugural year in late June with back-to-back races over two days around London's Battersea Park, drawing crowds of around 60,000. The London races capped a nine-month, 11-race competition held in 10 cities, including Beijing, Berlin and Monte Carlo. Alejandro Agag, the Spanish businessman who launched Formula E three years ago, says every race has sold out. TV audiences have been strong too—Fox Sports recently extended its contract through 2020.

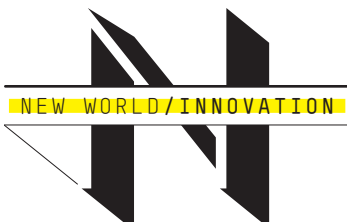
In its initial season, each team drove the same car: the Spark-Renault SRT 01E, with an electric drivetrain built by McLaren and battery packs by Williams Advanced Engineering. In the second year—a 10-city circuit that kicked off October 24

in Beijing—each team has the option of designing its own power plant.

The first season's car was capable of winding around a track at a top speed of 140 mph and could zip from zero to 60 mph in 2.8 seconds. Because high speeds drain batteries quickly, each driver needs to change cars halfway through the hourlong race. But Agag says that battery technology is improving so fast that by year five, pit stops will be eliminated. Agag hopes Formula E will help promote the benefits of electric motor-ing to more people, including skeptics who still see EVs as pumped-up golf carts. "There is still widespread belief among consumers that EVs are slow," says Paul Nieuwenhuis, an auto industry expert at the Cardiff Business School. "This should help combat that myth." And it may be working. According to Agag, one large automaker polled fans at the gate after the ePrix in Miami, and 99 percent of respondents said the race made them more likely to buy an EV. 

BY
THOMAS GROSE
 @thomasgrose52

JAE C. HONG/AP



DISRUPTIVE

MOMMY'S GEEK

Tech is slowly closing in on replacing civilization's greatest invention: mothers

WE'RE INVENTING the post-Mom economy, which—not to insult mothers or anything—should make us all happier and richer and finally bring us the leisurely future we were promised 50 years ago.

Give it another decade and we might not have anything to do outside of work except exercise at the gym or drink 3-D-printed bourbon at virtual-reality *Star Wars* bars.

At its core, the post-Mom economy means nobody will have to do his or her chores and everybody can do other people's chores. Platforms like TaskRabbit create a market matching odd jobs to job-doers. Early post-Mom companies include Washio, which helps you get your laundry done, and Dufl, which gets someone to pack your suitcase for you. Trunk Club is kind of a Garanimals for men—it helps fashion oafs pick out what to wear. These companies have all gotten tens of millions of dollars in venture investment.

Coder Aziz Shamim captured the basic ethos of the post-Mom economy in a much-retweeted tweet earlier this year: “OH: SF tech culture is focused on solving one problem: What is my mother no longer doing for me?” (“OH” is “overheard” in Tweetish.)

His comment was taken by many as an indictment of tech culture. We have big problems—global warming, poverty, runaway obesity—yet 20-something entrepreneurs expend their considerable talents on starting companies that mainly serve bratty 20-somethings with too much money. These entrepreneurs get advised to solve a prob-

lem in their own lives, and that problem often seems to be not having a parent nearby anymore.

But look at this through the long lens of labor-saving inventions. In the 1950s and 1960s, electricity and mechanization met up with a post-war booming economy, and we started concocting a new future of freedom from drudge work. This is when the masses adopted clothes-washing machines, dishwashers, vacuum cleaners, power tools, microwave ovens and powered lawn mowers. Chores done by hand for generations, like scrubbing laundry in a washtub, suddenly disappeared from average, everyday life.

And the trajectory itself was exciting back then. If so much could become mechanized so fast, surely it wouldn't stop. The *Jetsons* cartoons of the 1960s featured Rosie the house-cleaner robot. Rosie was a little bit sci-fi and a little bit what we expected to get soon.

But the technology hit a wall. Mechanization couldn't be made to clean the bathroom, fold clothes or run errands. In the past 50 years, what new inventions have automated our crappy chores? Maybe the Roomba vacuum and automated cat litter boxes, but not much else. We haven't even gotten a mass-market, GPS-guided robot lawn mower, which you'd think would be a no-brainer by now.

Well, today, connectivity and software are bringing us a Rosie work-around. Instead of building machines to do chores, we're creating a giant system that efficiently lets all us humans do one another's chores. That's more brilliant

BY
KEVIN MANEY
[@kmaney](#)



THE MATERNAL QUEST: People once thought robots would take all the drudge work off our hands, but now it looks like there's an even better workaround.

than it might sound, because now everybody can do the chores they do well and efficiently, and slough off the chores they hate or suck at.

There's a widely accepted economic formulation that tells us why such a chore exchange should help lift all of our fortunes. It's called comparative advantage, attributed to 19th-century economist David Ricardo. He applied it to nations and free trade. The theory says that if countries do what they are "most best" at and then trade their most-best products and services for other countries' most-best products or services, all the countries involved increase productivity and get higher-quality stuff at falling prices. In other words, when every country focuses on what it does best and trades, quality of life improves for all.

Over the past few decades, companies have also embraced comparative advantage, increasingly focusing on core competencies and outsourcing everything else—usually a winning strategy. Today, the Internet, mobile phones and software platforms for the first time make "most-best" trading efficient and easy for individuals. So now we little people can apply Ricardo's theory too.

The founders of post-Mom companies might think they're just saving themselves from toil, but they're actually giving us all ways to do our most-bests and farm out the rest to others who can do their most-bests. On the flip side, these systems let

any of us make money off our most-bests, which can then help pay for all the most-best services we buy. It's a big circle that, if Ricardo was right, makes all our lives better.

Some deride the post-Mom companies as a fad, but that's probably wrong. In the U.S., where most of the post-Mom companies get started, people in their 20s are a demographic bulge. That helps the post-Mom companies find a fertile market and get traction in a big population of singles who recently left home. In a decade, that group will be largely married, with kids and a mortgage and a whole different set of priorities. Does that mean they'll likely give up conveniences like Washio?

Lord no! Look at the baby boomers who grew up with dishwashers. Try selling them a house without one. When a generation comes of

age with a new convenience, you can bet they're going to demand that convenience for the rest of their lives. They're not going to go back to cooking every night instead of ordering from Seamless or Blue Apron, or styling their own hair instead of finding assistance through the Madison Reed app.

In fact, the post-Mom trend is only beginning, but it could take a different turn in coming generations, a turn that could disrupt today's startups. Artificial intelligence seems likely to become the

"SF TECH CULTURE IS FOCUSED ON SOLVING ONE PROBLEM: WHAT IS MY MOTHER NO LONGER DOING FOR ME?"

basis for post-Mom services that cut out humans: driverless cars that shuttle around our kids, or AI tutors, or piano teachers. Weirdly, a Rosie-like robot now seems within reach, powered by AI that lets it learn to do household tasks.

At that point, it will be only a matter of time before technology delivers the ultimate post-Mom invention: the robot Mom. Then we'll have come full circle. The robot Mom will never tire of telling us to do our chores. **N**



HOT, FLAT AND FRAUDULENT

The world's largest climate finance effort could save the planet—if it can overcome a plague of corruption

OVER THE PAST five years, wealthy countries have been contributing billions of dollars to a fund designed to rescue the poorest countries from the effects of climate change. It's like a complicated, politically charged Kickstarter campaign in which the reward is saving the planet. In that sense, it's already the biggest crowdfunding effort of all time: The Green Climate Fund wields more than \$10 billion in promised funding. President Barack Obama has pledged \$3 billion (Congress must still approve the decision). Japan pledged \$1.5 billion, and the U.K. pledged \$1.2 billion. Even China is on board, kind of. It pledged \$3.1 billion to a separate fund, part of which will help developing countries build capacity to receive GCF money. Now the question is what to do with all that cash.

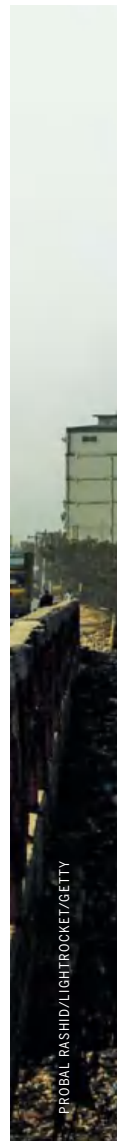
On November 2, the 24-member board of the GCF convened at a resort overlooking Victoria Falls in Livingstone, Zambia. It was a crucial meeting because of item No. 14 on the draft agenda: "consideration of funding proposals." For countries like Bangladesh and the Philippines, lying in the likely paths of future super-cyclones, or the Maldives, perched just a few feet above swelling seas, the money in that fund is a chance to fortify people's livelihoods and homes. It's a windfall the countries' meager national economies could never provide. "It has the potential to become the most important multilateral public fund," says Liane Schalatek, a climate finance expert.

The location of the meeting was symbolic. The Zambia River Basin, which feeds Victoria Falls (the Earth's largest waterfall), is incredibly vulnerable to global warming. Experts anticipate the area will soon see a temperature rise, reduced water flow and monsoon-like storms, despite less rainfall generally. The 32 million living near the riverbanks will face drinking water shortages and floods that could wash away their homes and crops.

And yet Zambia, Zimbabwe, Mozambique and other basin countries are among the least capable of adapting to climate change, according to the University of Notre Dame Global Adaptation Index. Without much industrial pollution to speak of, they also have had very little to do with the greenhouse gas emissions that caused today's climate crisis. In other words, the parts of the world most vulnerable to climate change are also the ones least responsible for it—and the least likely to be able to afford to protect themselves. The GCF is here to fix that.

The goal of the fund, created in 2010, is to raise enough money from taxpayers in the richest countries, and from private investors, to spend \$100 billion per year on the effort in poorer and more vulnerable countries, starting in 2020. The GCF believes such a massive investment in low-emissions technology and climate resilience will cause a "paradigm shift"—something like a reversal of the paradigm shift the internal combustion engine caused 150 years ago.

BY
BEN WOLFORD
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PROBAL RASHID/LIGHTROCKET/GETTY



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WHAT'S FAIR? Developing countries like Bangladesh have had little to do with the greenhouse gas emissions that have caused global temperature rise. Yet they are often the most vulnerable to the effects of climate change.



AKHLAS UDDIN/PACIFIC PRESS/LIGHTROCKET/GETTY

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WATERWORLD:
Low-lying countries
like Bangladesh
are at high risk
for catastrophic,
climate change-
induced natural
disasters like the
flooding shown
here in Sylhet, in
September 2015.



The project is entering a field made up of a scattershot array of existing efforts. Some of these are exemplary. In Ghana, for example, a \$787,000 grant helped farmers increase their salaries 400 percent by using irrigation and growing more marketable crops. And in Kenya, a \$2.6 million project installed solar-powered water purification and lighting in schools and health centers—the first reliable energy source the 300,000 people who benefit have ever had.

But other projects demonstrate just how creatively people can misuse public funds. In 2011, Bangladesh set aside \$3.1 million to build “climate-resilient housing” in the country’s coastal southwest after Cyclone Aila gutted it. When researchers from Transparency International (TI) Bangladesh visited the site, they discovered homes built without walls. “I don’t know whether it is built for human beings or not,” said Khadija Begum about her house. It turns out the structures had been built exactly to Ministry of Disaster Management and Relief-approved specifications. According to TI Bangladesh, the government halved the cost to construct each house so it could take credit for building more houses. (The disaster management ministry could not be reached by *Newsweek*.)

“The longer the chain of accountability gets—and it can be very long—then the chain can become murky,” says Lisa Elges, head of climate policy at TI headquarters in Berlin. The GCF could safeguard against deceit by submitting to outside scrutiny and building accountability protocols. But so far, leaders of the fund have talked about commitment to transparency while remaining opaque in practice. The board has weighed major decisions behind closed doors and, in a draft version of its information disclosure policy, even suggested that tape recording certain meetings should not be allowed.

This secretive tendency has already caused scandal. In July, the GCF announced that its board had just accredited 13 new partners that will help channel money. The decisions, made entirely in private, were based “on [the partners’] abilities to meet fiduciary, environmental, social and gender requirements,” according to the GCF. But activists were furious to learn that Deutsche Bank was on the list—the German company is the 10th biggest worldwide investor in coal, the dirtiest energy source there is.

After meeting deep into the early morning on November 6, the board approved \$168 million in spending for eight project proposals culled from 37 applications, despite grumblings from some board members that the projects brought to the table were forced on them too quickly. The GCF



is under pressure to demonstrate ahead of the COP21 climate conference in Paris this month that money is on the move—even though independent monitoring units and other important accountability policies are not yet in place.

The GCF would not comment for this article, but it has broadly outlined a variety of accountability safeguards. The 24-member board comprises as many representatives of developing countries as developed ones, and countries receiving funds will designate an agency with veto

SOME PARTS OF THE WORLD MOST VULNERABLE TO CLIMATE CHANGE ARE ALSO THE ONES LEAST RESPONSIBLE FOR IT.

power over projects. And anyone touching money goes through what they say is a rigorous accreditation process. There are also proposed protocols to prevent corruption, but watchdog groups want the GCF to go further by offering protection to whistleblowers and explaining who pays if money is misused or pilfered. As it stands now, “once the money’s lost, the money’s lost,” Elges says.

But elsewhere, the climate money is already flowing, and in many cases, it’s funneling through funds under far less scrutiny than the GCF. The GCF is emerging at a time when governments and private investors are funding more climate-related projects than ever before. In 2014, global climate finance totaled \$9.4 billion, a 50 percent increase over 2013.

Clarisse Kehler Siebert, a research fellow at the Stockholm Environment Institute, says that, yes, we ought to be concerned about corruption when it comes to the GCF—but not to the point of “being paralyzed.” She adds, “Daring to do something good is better than doing nothing at all.” **N**

BLUE-SKY LINKING

Google and Facebook are launching balloons and satellites to help bring the Internet to remote areas of the planet

IN 2011, following the 17th session of its 47-country-strong human rights council, the U.N. announced that it considered Internet access a human right. Four years later, more than half of the world's population still doesn't have regular access. For all its good intentions, the U.N. has no way of forcing either governments or corporations to bring connectivity to the huge swaths of the planet that remain offline. But two of the world's biggest tech companies, Google and Facebook, have taken up the challenge and launched projects to provide universal Internet access.

In a blog published October 28, Google announced that Indonesia's top three mobile-network providers will begin testing its project to deliver the Internet to the whole world. The search giant plans to connect billions more people to the Web via huge balloons—think floating cellphone towers—in the Earth's stratosphere. Next year, Indonesia will

in France, to deliver Internet from space. Facebook's satellite is currently under construction and is scheduled to launch in 2016. The company intends to have it deliver Internet access to parts of sub-Saharan Africa. It's part of Facebook's wider Internet.org project, which aims to provide online access, with the help of six other tech companies, to everyone in the world now lacking it.

The project has faced criticism for its approach. In February 2015, Facebook launched Internet.org, now rebranded as Free Basics, in India. People who owned devices supported by Reliance Communications, an Indian telecommunications company, were able to access a

Project Loon doesn't restrict Internet access. But unlike Facebook, Google has yet to prove it can deliver. The company has said it will need around 300 balloons to build a continuous chain of communication around the world.

While Facebook's and Google's projects have excited many in the tech community, critics have noted that the companies stand to benefit from them. Though both say they hope the technology will help lift people out of poverty by getting them online, the two ad-supported businesses will also ensure there's a new supply of consumers for advertisers to target.

Though their efforts may ultimately benefit their bottom lines, the



start testing the scheme, named Project Loon—both for the balloons and the craziness of the project.

A few weeks before Google made its Indonesia plans public, Facebook co-founder and CEO Mark Zuckerberg announced that his company was partnering with satellite operator Eutelsat, headquartered

stripped-down version of Facebook and some online services, such as news articles and health and job information. But several Web publishers in India pulled out of the project, saying it violated the principle of net neutrality, which holds that Internet providers should give access to all online data.

Unlike Internet.org,

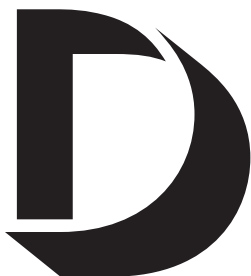
tech giants' attempts to connect 4.2 billion people to the Internet seem likely to have real long-term benefits, such as providing access to educational software; employment opportunities; and online health care, financial and commercial services. And that may mean that sooner rather than later, most people in the world will be online. **N**

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STREAMING BIG: Hooking up the entire planet up to the Internet is a huge job, but it could be very profitable for Google and Facebook.

BY
MIRREN GIDDA
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DOWNTIME

MEMOIRS

TRAVEL

BOOKS

TELEVISION

MUSIC

MOVIES

THESE ARE A FEW OF MY FAVORITE WINGS

Airplanes don't make us angels, but they do perform other miracles

+
SKY WRITING:
The ethereal
vapor trails of
jets taking off
are captured
in stop-motion
photography.

THE COPS will be coming for me any moment now. For the past hour, I have been acting suspiciously, driving through the pavement maze that is Oakland International Airport, pausing in empty lots, lingering on empty stretches of road. I don't think it's illegal for me to be here, but it's probably not quite kosher either.

I'm just trying to find a place to watch planes take off and land. If I were still in New York, I'd head to Rockaway Beach, from where you have a perfect view of jumbo jets creeping toward John F. Kennedy International Airport. But I am new to Northern California, and my trip to Oakland International has proved acutely inauspicious. The best I can do is a parking lot from where I watch several jets—Southwest, judging by the garish fuselage—crawl into the afternoon haze, impelled ever higher by some vast cosmic force.

I might console myself by heading to the Oakland Aviation Museum, which I had seen from one of the roads surrounding the airport.

But the museum is closed and, really, does not appear to be much of a museum at all. Tucked between rental car lots and enclosed by barbed-wire fence, it seems to also function as an aviation junkyard. There is, however, a 1946 Solent III flying boat in an outdoor courtyard. Apparently, it was a prop in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Its steps are down, beckoning with stiff cocktails and slim stewardesses who smile beatifically as they hand you a dinner menu. *Will it be the dover sole, sir, or the filet mignon?* But the door to the airplane is closed, and the fantasy quickly vanishes. Such is flight today: We dream of martinis while sipping lukewarm Bud Lights.

LESS THAN ANGELS

I used to despise flying. I won't bore you with the details, because the fear isn't an original one. Let's just say this: I once took a train from San Francisco to New York. I want to pretend the journey was worth it, but anyone who has

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traversed rural Illinois will know better.

What truly bothered me, though, was how many other people readily confessed to the same fear. People I respected, people free of pervasive neurosis, would admit to anxiety attacks upon takeoff, fatal thoughts upon the first sign of turbulence. They, too, took trains. And then there are the celebrities: Jennifer Aniston, Ben Affleck, Whoopi Goldberg. Colin Farrell is afraid of flying, and he doesn't look like he's afraid of anything.

But much like Ms. Aniston and Mr. Farrell, I routinely need to fly. And so I had to get over that fear, and I had to do it in a way that didn't involve four shots of Maker's, each one chasing a Klonopin. Snooping around the Internet is usually disastrous for the fearful, but the fear-of-flying community is relatively responsible in comparison to the does-this-mole-look-weird? community. Reading various websites devoted to the safety of flight, I eventually found my way to Ask the Pilot, an online column by Patrick Smith, who has been flying for airlines for 25 years. I don't want to say Smith entirely cured my fear of flight; I was already on my way by the time *Cockpit Confidential*, a collection of his writings, came out in 2013. The book did something more rare: It made me enjoy, not just tolerate, the early-morning flight from New York to Minneapolis. With a connection in Miami.

Smith explains everything about flight, and he does it in such a charming way that you don't realize just how heavily you're geeking out on the mysteries of the code-sharing agreement. Smith can explain why, as an Airbus plane is taxiing, it makes that weird dentist-drill sound; why lightning isn't really a danger during flight; and what happens when you flush the toilet. Best of all, *Cockpit Confidential* is a reminder that flight remains an act of human supremacy over natural forces, gravity foremost among them. "We've come to view flying as yet another impressive but ultimately uninspiring technological realm," he writes. And, a little later: "Aren't we forfeiting something important when we sneer indifferently at the sight of an airplane—the sheer impressiveness of being able to throw down a few hundred dollars and travel halfway around the world at nearly the speed of sound?"

The essential wonder of aviation is also the subject of *Skyfaring*, by the pilot Mark Vanhoenacker. Much like Smith, Vanhoenacker wants us to remember that flight is about more than just earning points and fighting for legroom. That while your flight may have been dreary, flight itself is anything but. The premise of *Skyfaring* is alluring, and Vanhoenacker obviously loves his job, yet his book is overloaded with poetry, so verbose that it never quite achieves the necessary lift. His prose is at once turgid and formless. The innate poetry of flight is hard to match in prose, and few have done it well. In that small group is the writer Saul Bellow, describing takeoff in this passage:

• • •

New York leaned gigantically seaward, and the plane with a jolt of retracted wheels turned toward the river. The Hudson green within green, and rough with tide and wind. Isaac released the breath he had been holding, but sat belted tight. Above the marvelous bridges, over clouds, sailing in atmosphere, you know better than ever that you are no angel.

• • •

Bellow captures the central paradox of flight: We know we are no angels, but isn't there something more than human about puncturing the clouds?

A UNIQUE MAJESTY

On September 17, 1908, Orville Wright was at Fort Myer in Virginia, showing off one of the Flyers he had built with his brother Wilbur. On board with him was U.S. Army Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge. The historian David McCullough describes the scene in his latest book, *The Wright Brothers*, about the two bicycle shop owners from Dayton, Ohio, who pioneered aviation. Wright and Selfridge made three circles at an altitude of 125 feet, but on the fourth attempt something went wrong. On the ground, an observer uttered words no aviator wants to hear: "That's a piece of the propeller." Wright shut off the engine, but "the machine turned down in front and started straight for the ground," as Orville would write to his brother.

Both men were taken to the hospital with serious injuries; Selfridge succumbed to his, thus earning the distinction of being the first casualty of a powered aircraft. He had flown that day instead of another prospective passenger eager to test the Wrights' new machine: Theodore Roosevelt. Made aware of the request, Orville had demurred, confessing to the press, "I don't believe the president of the United States should take such chances."

This nation's first great airline was Pan American World Airways, founded in 1927 by Juan T.



FLIGHTS OF FANCY: What was once unimaginable is now ho-hum: Just ask these beach-goers heralding the arrival of yet another convoy of tourists to St. Maartens.

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Trippe. While based in Key West, Florida, he managed to secure lucrative routes to Cuba, then the Americas; within a few years, Pan Am ruled the Pacific too, its “China Clipper” flying boat becoming the first craft to cross that ocean in 1935. There are nearly 100 books about Pan Am, according to a site dedicated to the airline, from *The Fall of Pan Am 103*, about the bomb that brought down a Pan Am flight over Lockerbie, Scotland, to *Timmy Rides the China Clipper*, a kids’ book whose cover shows the famed flying boat banking over a tropical island. Today, the only relic of the airline in New York that I can think of is a service road—Pan Am Avenue—tucked into the side of JFK Airport in Queens. I do not recommend a visit.

The glories of the postwar Jet Age can be relived in *Airline Visual Identity: 1945-1975*, perhaps the

most handsome book published in the Western world in the past two years. This resplendent compendium of airline posters costs nearly as much as a cross-country flight (\$400), but it is worth it for anyone who wants to be reminded of a time when flying was sexy, dangerous and prestigious. Long before it became common to board a flight in sweatpants, the world was a mystery, and the airplane was a means of revelation. If you ever need to get Don Draper a gift, this should be it.

Pan Am is gone, but its crucial partner from the glory days—Boeing—remains. In many ways, the success of the Boeing passenger jet is responsible for air travel as it is today: extremely safe, relatively inexpensive and deeply unpleasant. No single craft embodies the Boeing way like its workhorse 747, which first took to the air in 1970 at Pan Am’s behest. It hasn’t come down to earth since. “The 747 has a unique majesty,” writes the airplane’s lead designer, Joe Sutter in 747. “Passengers love it, and so do pilots, but it’s what this airplane has done for humanity that’s significant. Since the first 747 entered service in 1970, the world 747 fleet has transported more than 3.5

SUCH IS FLIGHT TODAY: WE DREAM OF MARTINIS WHILE SIPPING LUKEWARM BUD LIGHTS.

billion passengers” a distance that is “the equivalent of 75,000 trips to the moon and back.”

The implication of this boast is obvious: Sutter engineered a machine that promises to take you anywhere and get you there alive, maybe even with your battered suitcase in tow. If someone told me that Boeing had a better safety record than the common sparrow, I would not be surprised. But total safety is an illusion, and even those of us who fear flying need to be reminded of that. Of the recent slew of books about aviation, only one, *Flight 232* by Laurence Gonzales, is about a crash—that of United 232, which came down near Sioux City, Iowa, on July 19, 1989. The spectacular crash landing, which was captured on video, killed 111 as the jet tumbled like a toy tossed by a surly child. But, remarkably, 185 people survived, a testament to the skill and sangfroid of the flight crew.





United 232 is also one of several accidents featured in *Charlie Victor Romeo*, an exceedingly unsettling 2013 film (adapted from a play) in which a flight crew acts out cockpit scenes from several doomed craft. There are few props and no pyrotechnics of the James Cameron variety, just dumpy pilots in bad pilot outfits, sitting at antiquated flight controls. This is, of course, intentional. The film derives its power from an adherence to transcripts of cockpit voice recorders (CVRs: hence the film's name, rendered in military alphabet), with your imagination doing most of the work. At the commencement of each scene, you know that dread looms, that the only reason we remember Japan Airlines Flight 123 is because it was a catastrophe.

In the century since Orville Wright and Thomas Selfridge fell from the sky, humanity has toiled with impressive focus to make flying the safest mode of transport. We needed to justify our hubris, to prove to ourselves, and maybe to the gods, that our conquest of the sky was no foolish pursuit. We have largely succeeded, but once in a while, those gods take their toll.

MY TOP GUN FANTASY

One afternoon several months ago, I went to JFK Airport without intending to fly. The occasion was a party at Terminal 5, the home of hip, low-cost carrier JetBlue. The occasion was the opening of an outdoor green space in the terminal, the only one of its kind in the New York metropolitan area.

JFK is, today, no one's idea of a glamorous or enjoyable experience. But as Nicholas Dagen Bloom writes in *The Metropolitan Airport*, the aerodrome on New York's southeastern edge was to embody a new kind of urban experience when it was founded in 1948. Known as Idlewild in its early years, the airport was indeed modern when it opened. Each airline built its own glamorous terminal: Pan Am had the Worldport, the postmodernist I.M. Pei designed "the Sundrome" for National Airlines, American Airlines featured a terminal with an enormous stained-glass window facing the outside world, as well as murals inside. These architectural masterpieces are gone, though JetBlue has saved the

TWA Flight Center conceived by architect Eero Saarinen, a dance of white curves that manages to evoke flight via concrete. Someday, it will be a luxury hotel.

Between the demands of an automotive society, post-9/11 security strictures and the need to serve legions of peevish fliers, airports have become a combination of security bunker and shopping mall circa 1997: Mall of Homeland America. There are some respites: for example, the concourse in Charlotte Douglas, where you can lounge in a rocking chair, listen to live jazz piano and sip North Carolina wine; the art at Denver International. But spend an afternoon at Newark Liberty or Washington's Dulles, eating a greasy Sbarro's slice and watching CNN in a rigid bucket chair, and you will probably wish

WE KNOW WE ARE NO ANGELS, BUT ISN'T THERE SOMETHING MORE THAN HUMAN ABOUT PUNCTURING THE CLOUDS?

that you'd braved the bus, even if your final destination is Buenos Aires. If, as John D. Kasarda and Greg Lindsay argue in *Aerotropolis*, the 21st-century city will be centered around the airport, as the premodern city was centered on the port, then America badly needs a visionary who will make its airports great again.

Shortly after my first trip to Oakland International, I returned with my daughter. This time, the air museum was open. It looks better from the inside: a hangar filled with cool stuff. It would have been cooler if the stuff was less martial, but I can stomach a well-curated *Top Gun* fantasy. A frail-looking biplane withstood my 3-year-old's assault, I am relieved to report. Standing in front of a Pratt & Whitney turbine engine, she voiced only a single word, "Oy," and I could not tell if it was wonderment or rebuke. As in *Holy crap*, or *This is a bit much*, no?

When we inspected the flying boat from *Raiders*, she wanted to know if it could "go underwater." I explained that it could not, then tried to impress upon her the technical challenges of an amphibian takeoff and landing. She quickly lost interest, wandering toward the next plane. For all its wonders, aviation has yet to soar above the child's imagination. ■

TWO QUESTIONS WITH CARRIE BROWNSTEIN

The Sleater-Kinney rocker on her first memoir and her surprising new fans

CARRIE BROWNSTEIN: rocker, TV star, comedian, blogger—and now memoirist.

In her new book, *Hunger Makes Me a Modern Girl*, the Sleater-Kinney guitarist peels away the mythology of the '90s riot grrrl movement in what is probably the least glamorous rock memoir you'll read all year. In vivid and funny vignettes, Brownstein recounts the humiliations of beginning a career in music and the grueling trials of actually "making it"—from interband squabbles and midtour hospital visits to sleepless nights on a foam mattress nicknamed "pube magnet." Meanwhile, the author's success as co-creator of the IFC sketch show *Portlandia* (which premiered during the band's eight-year hiatus from 2006 to 2014) is scarcely mentioned.

Throughout the narrative—as Sleater-Kinney climbs from lo-fi experiment to beloved indie band—performance becomes the balm to Brownstein's struggles with depression and tour-driven anxiety. The musician-turned-

author spoke to *Newsweek* about her new book and reflected on life both onstage and offstage.

Your book does such a good job of showing how unglamorous it is to be in a working band. Were you ever tempted to polish things a little more?

No, because I think it would have been so out of character for the tone that I had already set. To then pepper the book with some outlandish tales would have probably rang false. I was talking to Kim Gordon [of Sonic Youth], who had just written her memoir, *Girl in a Band*, last year. We were commiserating that often [music] is one of those professions where people's estimation of it is very otherworldly and magical and certainly

opposite from the mundane. I feel like my book is just dragging it back down to earth. It really drives home the monotony of it. But I feel that context helps illustrate why the actual show, the actual performance, seems so magical. It's not because the entire day is a fairy tale. It's because it is about climbing out of the tedium.

You've been around long enough that there are now many bands who grew up listening to Sleater-Kinney or wish they'd been around for riot grrrl. Is that strange for you?

When we went back out on tour at the beginning of this year, one thing that I really was excited about was it wasn't just our fans from the first time. A lot of people had just discov-

ered us through [2015's] *No Cities to Love*. So we had a whole crop of young fans—16 to 25—and then we had people in their 30s who'd just missed us the first time around. In many cities, it was the new songs that people wanted to hear the most. That really assuaged all my fears of not wanting to do an album again. It was wonderful to hear young people talk about relating to the lyrics and the music and the band, and that's half the reason you play, you know? That's why I listened to music when I was young—to have my own experience explained to me in a way I didn't feel capable of doing yet. To feel like we're providing that for someone else or giving them a launching point from which to explore their own creativity—that's great. **■**





TINKER, TAILOR, BIOGRAPHER, SPY

As a new book about the novelist John le Carré proves, writing the truth about a brilliant liar gets complicated

ADAM SISMAN seems dazed. The night before I speak with him, he attended a launch party for his latest book, the 672-page biography *John le Carré*, about the prolific British spy novelist, which took Sisman half a decade of intense research to complete and had been published in the U.K. two days earlier. Before the party, he sat down for three consecutive interviews on BBC Radio, and in a few days the *Guardian* would publish a piece he wrote about le Carré's political beliefs. Shortly after that, the book hit U.S. shelves. "My job is a bit like being a mole tunneling underground," Sisman tells me. "You don't have anything to do with anybody for several years, and then suddenly you pop up into the light." The sudden rash of attention is understandably disorienting for the award-winning biographer. Or, as he puts it, "It's a bit confusing."

The last time Sisman was above ground was five years ago, in 2010, after he published a biography of British historian and Nazi expert Hugh Trevor-Roper. Soon after, Sisman was having lunch with the thriller writer Robert Harris, who mentioned that he'd been authorized to write le Carré's biography in the early '90s but had sat on the project for nearly 20 years. Needing a new subject, Sisman got Harris's blessing to take over. He wrote to le Carré, at this point nearly 80 years old, who agreed to let Sisman tell the story of his life after reading the Trevor-Roper biography.

Le Carré is one of the most significant—and, because he is often unfairly labeled a genre writer, one of the most undervalued—fiction writers of 20th century. Since 1961, he has never gone more than four years without publishing a new work, marking 23 in all (so far). Ten of these have enjoyed a second life on the big screen, most recently in 2011 when his 1974 classic *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier Spy* was adapted into an Oscar-nominated thriller starring Gary Oldman. Four books have been turned into TV series, a number that will increase to five in 2016 when 1993's *A Night Manager* will premiere as a BBC-AMC miniseries. Also due out in 2016 is le Carré's memoir.

His fans will know to read this memoir with at least a pinch of skepticism. Le Carré is a notorious liar—he's said so himself, somewhat paradoxically but without shame. He's lied about his political beliefs, his career, his relationships and even his name—which is really David Cornwell, and by which I will refer to him from here on out. Raised by a con man father who often forced him and his brother to assist with scams, Cornwell developed an understanding of how to use his preternatural charm and wit to manipulate those around him. This ultimately led to a career in British intelligence at the height of the Cold War. When his third novel, 1963's *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*, drew international acclaim, he was forced to resign as he could not

BY
RYAN BORT
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A MOST WANTED MAN: Prolific spy novelist David Cornwell (better known by his pen name, John le Carré) in 1985.

longer maintain his cover. His breakout novel, and everything else he wrote about the Cold War, dripped with authenticity, and speculation abounded as to how much of it was fiction and how much Cornwell drew from his life. “There are bits of him in every single book, and ultimately, quite a lot of him,” says Sisman. “So he’s always kind of writing about himself, and readers pick up on that.”

Sisman first visited Cornwell in 2011 at his home in Cornwall, England. He would visit him several times over the course of the next four years to pore over stacks of the author’s papers and interview him. “He’s probably the most charming person I’ve ever met in my life,” Sisman says. “He’s very witty, he’s generous, and he tells brilliant anecdotes.”

But as Sisman notes in the book’s introduction, his relationship with Cornwell had its troubles, and their time together was often tense. For Cornwell, who’d spent decades misdirect-

“IT WAS CLEAR CORNWELL BELIEVED THE VERSION HE WAS TELLING ME WAS CORRECT AND WAS QUITE TAKEN ABACK TO LEARN THAT IT WASN’T.”

ing anyone who inquired about the specifics of his life, suddenly unpacking his most private moments for a stranger with a tape recorder wasn’t a pleasant experience. “My impression was that it was very difficult for him,” says Sisman, who concedes that the principal reason the author allowed him to write his biography was as a defense against the other, more speculative biographies that would inevitably be written.

Complicating their relationship further was



the degree to which Cornwell neglected to distinguish fact from fiction throughout his career. And now, at 84, his memory is often an unnavigable amalgam of his fictional characters and his actual life. “He is particularly prone to this business of reinventing himself,” Sisman says of Cornwell. “Partly because of the childhood, partly because of being a spy, partly because of being novelist. Because he acts all these roles and because he writes about himself, he kind of comes to believe the fictional version of himself.” This was an obstacle for Sisman, whose primary role as biographer was to report the facts. Through exhaustive research of everything from public records of his father’s multiple bankruptcies to the diary of Cornwell’s first wife, Sisman often came to know the reality of what happened in Cornwell’s life better than Cornwell himself did.

“I remember once I met him for lunch,” says Sisman. “We sat down, and he started to tell me a story about how when he left Oxford he went to teach at Eton. I stopped him. I rather brusquely interrupted him and I said, ‘That’s not correct.’ He looked at me rather puzzled. I said, ‘No, because I read the files.’ He looked completely amazed. His mouth literally dropped open. It was clear that he had come to believe the version he was telling me was correct and was quite taken aback to learn that it wasn’t.”

Through the course of his fact-finding, it struck Sisman that his task of separating fiction from reality was not unlike that of a *le Carré* protagonist striving to uncover a mystery within a British intelligence agency. While researching at the British Library in London, a curator mentioned to Sisman that one of the most exciting fictional scenes to take place in an archive was in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, when Peter Guillam steals a file at the risk of being arrested as a traitor. “The whole of *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy* is really [George] Smiley going through records and documents and trying to work out what happened,” Sisman says. “It’s rather like the sort of thing that I do. Being a detective.”

Sisman would inevitably feel drawn to the book that cemented Cornwell’s legacy as a Cold War author. No book captures the disarray at the center of the intelligence agencies like *Tin-*

ker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy does. Loosely based on the story of Kim Philby, a British double agent working for the Russians, the book is full of true-to-life details, including much insider jargon. (Cornwell is credited with bringing the word *mole* into popular usage.)

It’s hard not to wonder how many ways Cornwell tried to influence the way he was portrayed. After all, if his novels have taught us anything it’s that a spy’s job is to manipulate someone without that person knowing he is being manipulated. Sisman’s directive to write freely about Cornwell’s life, flaws and all, could have been Cornwell’s way of convincing Sisman that he was at his mercy—that he was, in a way, vulnerable. Could Cornwell have been playing the role of biographical double agent, allowing Sisman to think he was burrowing through an idle novelist’s life, and all the while Cornwell was the real mole, controlling the narrative by ingratiating himself to Sisman?

Elsewhere in the book, Sisman includes anecdotes about how, when Cornwell was a student at Oxford, he infiltrated left-leaning political groups and formed seemingly genuine friendships with members, only to later out them as potential Communists to the British intelligence officers. “I’ve had to remind myself that we’re not friends,” Sisman says.

Both to *Newsweek* and in the book’s introduction, Sisman referenced novelist Graham Greene’s maxim that all writers need a splinter of ice in their hearts. Wisely, he used his introduc-

“HE’S PROBABLY THE MOST CHARMING PERSON I’VE EVER MET.”

tion as a kind of disclaimer, warning readers that he often had to make judgment calls when it came to which account of an event to include, and that he was somewhat under the spell of Cornwell. It will be up to the readers, Sisman wrote, to determine whether his splinter of ice melted.

I ask if he thinks Cornwell will make any appearances to promote the book. But of course he won’t. “In some ways, it would be great if he could comment on the book and we could have debates together, but you could see that it would actually be quite artificial,” says Sisman. “I think it’s quite sensible for him to just maintain a silence from a distance. It furthers the mystique.” **N**



THE JERRY SEINFELD OF RAP

Lil Dicky just entered the hip-hop major leagues. His next big challenge: avoid a nervous breakdown

IT IS EARLY afternoon on a gray Saturday in Seattle, and David Burd has just checked into his spacious dressing room in the Seattle Center, hours before the scrawny Jewish rapper, who calls himself Lil Dicky, is to perform his biggest show yet, at the Bumbershoot music festival. “This is probably the biggest dressing room I’ve ever had,” Burd says, as he scans the festival’s poster for his name. “Where am I on this thing?” Burd’s hype man, GaTa, stretches out on the couch and says, “I need some bitches, man. There’s some fine-ass girls in Seattle. Fine-ass Asians out here too. Fine-ass black girls, everything. I like Seattle.”

“I like Seattle too,” Burd agrees. But he’s not concerned with “bitches” at the moment. “We’ve got to get product,” he says, with a sense of urgency. I ask if he means weed. “No,” Burd replies. “Body wash, shampoo.”

A few minutes earlier, Burd had discovered the dressing room’s most critical feature: showers—a “game-changer” because they mean Burd won’t have to schlep back to the hotel after his set. “I get incredibly sweaty and feel terrible,” he says. “I don’t think I’ve gone more than 24 hours without showering at some point in the last five years.”

Lil Dicky surprised the hip-hop world in August when his debut album, *Professional Rapper*, hit the top of *Billboard*’s rap chart, thanks in no small part to a duet with Snoop Dogg on the title track and the resulting video, which racked up more than 8 million YouTube views. As the

curly haired advertising copywriter-turned-rapper from the upper-middle-class Philadelphia suburb of Cheltenham prepared to take the main stage at Bumbershoot, he’s more focused on getting clean than he is getting laid.

“Do you think they sell any soaps around here?” Burd asks his manager, Mike Hertz.

Hertz glares at him. “Do you hear yourself right now?”

“I want to go somewhere that has product,” Burd says. “That’s all I’m saying.”

“OK, OK,” Hertz says. “I’ll look for a CVS for you.”

I’m trying to imagine what the conversation in the next dressing room over is like. I doubt it’s about shampoo and body wash, but this is a big part of Lil Dicky’s appeal: He has yet to shed the neurotic facets of his personality just because he’s suddenly a popular musician. He raps about Adderall and soda water, not weed and Alizé. He calls this his “Looking for Love” tour, because he genuinely hopes he’s going to meet his wife-to-be on the road.

He’s not afraid to admit he finds having sex with a woman for the first time terrifying and that he considers himself clumsy in the sack. (“I’m getting better, though.”) Sometimes onstage he can’t keep rapping because he starts dry-heaving in the middle of a verse. His rider has the cinnamon-flavored liqueur Fireball on it, and face wipes. He wants to add Pop-Tarts

STUNTING IS A HABIT: Los Angeles rapper David Burd, known as Lil Dicky, wrote a surprise hit rap album. Is that enough to be taken seriously in hip-hop?

BY
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REBECCA CABAGE/INVISION/AP





and “a lot of Perrier.” He’s a “Professional Rapper” who still doesn’t act like one.

GaTa finds all this disturbing, and they are constantly arguing about it. “You should take advantage; live a little,” GaTa advises Burd. “As far as being a rapper, some of the shit that comes towards you—hos, sluts. You can’t be picky with this type of shit.”

Burd demurs. He’s spent the last half-hour or so explaining that yes, as a rapper, he has opportunities to sleep with women he didn’t have before. But as a rapper at only a *certain level* of fame, these are not the opportunities he’s looking for. “I don’t view the opportunities I have as really *prime* opportunities,” he says. “Sure, I could probably end up having sex with—I don’t mean to sound chauvinistic, but—like, a 6 or a 7. One time a girl came up to me and said, ‘I had so much fun at your concert, you seem like an awesome guy. I’d love to get a drink with you afterwards.’”

Another time, two girls offered to perform sexual acts for him. “They were disgusting, but I still wouldn’t have done it if they were hot, because what kind of STDs does a girl like that

have, offering up head to a rapper?”

Sexually transmitted diseases are another frequent topic of conversation in Lil Dicky’s world. “I’m very, very, very concerned with STDs,” he says. “And I find sex to be a pretty stressful, overwhelming ordeal just to begin with.” Not all sex, mind you, but it’s the first time—the “tone-setting sex,” he calls it—that’s stressful. Before he started rapping, he’d had sex with only five girls. Now, he says, he’s up to 19. “I’m not going to start having sex with more girls than I would otherwise,” he says, as GaTa shakes his head in disappointment.

If Burd seems a little uncomfortable enjoying the spoils of a baller life, it’s because he has in many ways stumbled into a rap career. After growing up Cheltenham, he went to the University of Richmond, then landed a job at the advertising agency Goodby Silverstein & Partners in San Francisco. He delivered a monthly progress report as a rap video; his bosses loved it and offered him a job in the creative department. In his spare time and on his own dime, Burd started making rap music. His first single,

+ GIT UR FREAK ON: Burd gets close to a female fan—and eventually strips to his underwear—on stage at Seattle’s Bumbershoot music festival, where he performed in front of his biggest crowd yet.



"Ex-boyfriend," depicts his jealousy and insecurity at learning that his girlfriend used to date a handsome, seemingly perfect guy. The video hit 1 million views in its first 24 hours.

In 2013, he released the debut mixtape *So Hard* and self-funded 32 songs and 15 music videos that he released once a week for five months, before turning to Kickstarter to raise \$70,000 for his next round of songs, videos and tours. That November, the campaign raised \$113,000, and Lil Dicky held his first concert in Philadelphia the following February.

His songs depict rap battles with Hitler and getting roughed up by black guys on a trip to East Oakland, California, because he (jokingly) sought to change the rap landscape's "hyper-masculinity and irrational swagger." He's gifted, both musically and lyrically, but he's an unlikely star—and he knows it. His swag is self-deprecating, and his bravado is a joke. He's the Jerry Seinfeld of hip-hop, and his shtick is resonating with plenty of (white, young, male) fans.

This presents Burd with a golden—though precarious—opportunity. In an interview published by the Vice music site Noisey this past October, Burd found himself on the defensive after features editor Drew Millard suggested he was "almost gleeful about being a white male," and Burd wound up making a few unfortunate comments he's since had to try to walk back in order to convince the world he's a satirist, not a racist. "By putting this music out, I think I genuinely eliminated 80 percent of the previous jobs I was qualified for," he told Noisey. Millard's takeaway: "At his best, Lil Dicky crosses Big Sean's goofy wordplay with Larry David's satirical eye, or a one-man Lonely Island with better flow. At his worst, he is a defensive, clueless asshole."

At Djbooth.com, Lucas Garrison (who is white) took issue with what he considers Burd's attempt to "have his cake and eat it too." He lampoons his white privilege but also seems to be genuinely complaining about how disadvantaged he is by trying to be a white rapper in a black genre. If he looked like Rick Ross, Burd once blogged, he'd be able to say what he wants—the N-word, he offers, for example. Asked Garrison, "Where does the joke end and the serious rapper begin?"

Back in Seattle, Burd peers through a fence that separates him from a throng of mostly white, young, male fans who've muscled their way to the front of the main stage. As the scheduled time for his set ticks closer, they start shouting, "We want Dick! We want Dick!"

Burd loves it. This is the biggest crowd he's ever performed for, and, as self-deprecating as he often is, he also has big ambitions. "Deep down, I want to be a big rapper," he told me the first time I talked to him, in a phone interview in July. "I want people to love what I'm doing. Does Drake know who I am? Does Drake care?"

Does Lil Dicky need to enroll in a racial- and gender-sensitivity class in order to reach the level of fame to which he aspires? Probably not. Burd argues that people just need get past the shock and they'll be fine. "People see a *South Park* episode and there's racially insensitive jokes—nobody bats an eye because they're expecting that, in that context. In hip-hop, they don't expect that kind of thing because it's a white person in a predominantly black world." Burd's humor, he insists, is an homage to hip-hop because "the way you respect hip-hop is by being true to yourself."

At Bumbershoot, he unbuttons his Seattle Mariners jersey and charges out onto the stage, rattling through 11 songs at breakneck speed. For his final

"I COULD PROBABLY END UP HAVING SEX WITH—I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND CHAUVINISTIC, BUT—LIKE, A 6 OR A 7."

number, "Lemme Freak," Hertz gets the flowers ready and Burd points to a young girl in the front row, inviting her to come up onstage, where he has her sit in a chair. Halfway into the number, Burd climbs into her lap and "freaks" the girl wildly. (She seems delighted, if shocked.) A few seconds later, he rips off his sweat-shorts and does it again, this time in his underwear. For a guy who considers himself sexually clumsy, Lil Dicky sure moves like a professional rapper onstage.

After the show, the girl trails him backstage and insists on a picture. Burd poses holding two fingers pinched about an inch apart, implying he's not that well-endowed. It's his lil trademark. **N**



COMFORTABLY ONE

David Gilmour, an early member of Pink Floyd, finds fresh success as a solo artist—with help from his novelist wife, Polly Samson

DAVID GILMOUR, unlike Ike Turner, has never been accused of shooting a newspaper delivery man. Nor have police blown out his tires during a car chase (a misfortune that befell James Brown). Nor has he thrown lit sticks of dynamite down toilets, as Keith Moon did on numerous occasions while touring with the Who. By the standards of certain rock veterans, the 69-year-old former Pink Floyd guitarist and co-vocalist might be perceived as rather boring.

"I don't conform to that type of extreme," says the musician, speaking at his home on the seafront in Hove, a sleepy town adjacent to Brighton, on England's south coast. "I have never attempted to kill anybody. I don't think it's a requirement of creativity or fame to allow your insecurities to run away with you to that degree. Like everyone, I have taken advantage of fame. To get a table at a restaurant. Things like that. But I'm not fond of posing for selfies. I am a musician. I think of the rest as detritus."

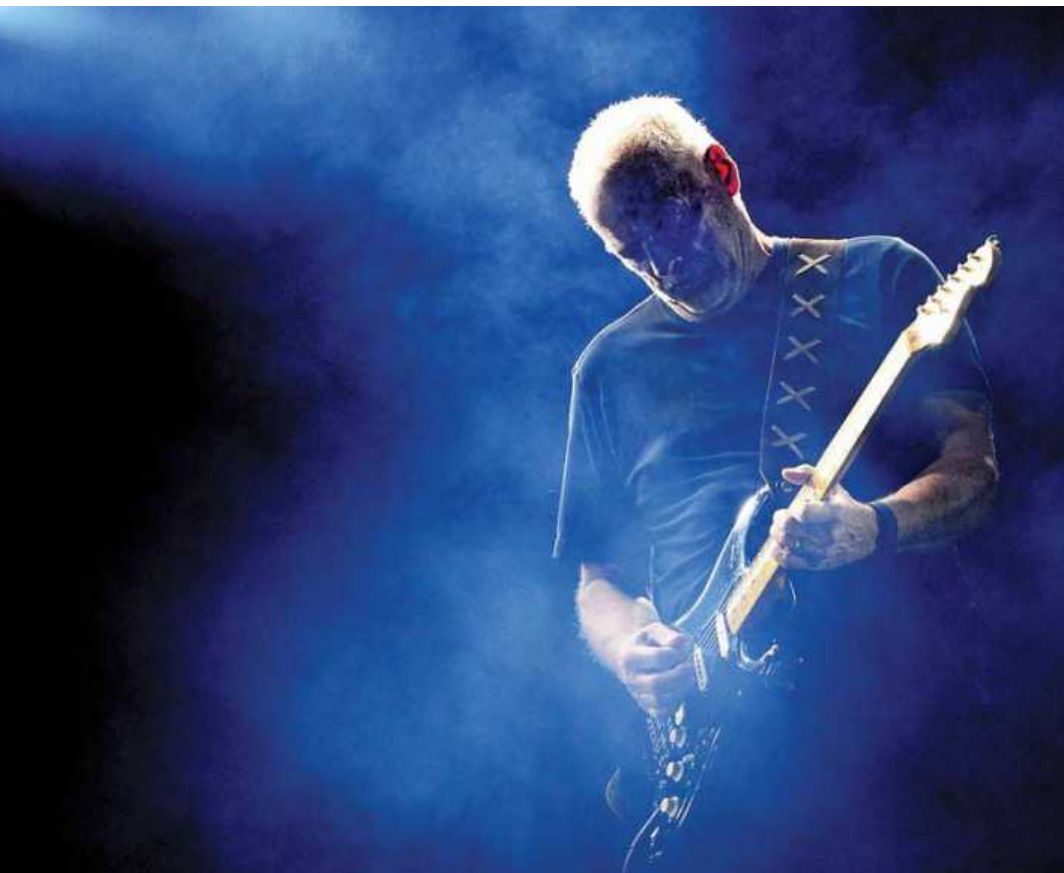
Gilmour's single-minded focus on his music has led to a career spanning several decades, during which he has won numerous awards and sold millions of records. Though best known as a member of Pink Floyd, which was founded in 1965 (Gilmour joined two years later), he hasn't slipped quietly into retirement. He has recorded four successful solo records, and the most recent, *Rattle*

That Lock, has been a critical and commercial success. *The Guardian* gave it four out of five stars, *Rolling Stone* praised Gilmour as "an expressive master of his craft," and U.K. audiences pushed it to the top of the British albums chart. In the U.S., it reached No. 5 on the Billboard 200.

Gilmour's first two solo albums, *David Gilmour* (1978) and *About Face* (1984), didn't climb quite so high. It was a disappointment, especially considering Pink Floyd's 1983 album *The Final Cut*—released two years before founding member Roger Waters left the band—reached No. 1 in the U.K. albums chart. Gilmour's third solo album, *On an Island* (2006), performed better than his first two solo outings: It topped the U.K. albums chart and reached No. 6 in the U.S. During this time, however, Pink Floyd wasn't quite finished. Under Gilmour's leadership, the group, without Waters, released two more albums, *A Momentary Lapse of Reason* (1987) and *The Division Bell* (1994). Its latest album, *The Endless River*, came out in November 2014 and served as a tribute to former keyboard player Richard Wright, who died of cancer in 2008. Composed primarily of instrumental tracks, it broke the record for the most preorders of an album on Amazon. The group announced it would also be its last.

Gilmour's *Rattle That Lock* was released in

BY
NEWSWEEK STAFF



SHINE ON: Gilmour, performing at London's Royal Albert Hall in September, once vowed to "go on 'till I'm 70." (He has until March to get rock 'n' roll out of his system, then.)

September. The album touches on the themes of time passing, loss and mortality. Gilmour recorded the album at a number of locations, including his houseboat studio—currently moored on the River Thames—and at his home in Hove. The album features contributions from Roger Eno (brother of Brian Eno), pianist and TV host Jools Holland and Gilmour's son Gabriel, among others. It's not all elegy either; the ninth track, "Today," has a distinct funk sound, while the jazz track "The Girl in the Yellow Dress"—complete with piano and cornets—transports listeners to a dark and sultry bar. Underpinning it all is Gilmour's guitar playing. The guitar solo on the instrumental first track, "5 A.M.," is beautiful.

But *Rattle That Lock* is not a solo album in the truest sense. Polly Samson, Gilmour's wife of 21 years, wrote the lyrics for half of the tracks on the album, including the title track. Samson, whose new novel, *The Kindness*, was published earlier this year, has described the lyrics of "The Girl in the Yellow Dress" as being like a short story. This isn't her first collaboration with her husband. Samson has penned lyrics for Gilmour since the days of *The Division Bell*. Not many musicians work so closely with their spouse. "Tom Waits is one," Gilmour says. "Polly and I think similarly about many things. I'm extremely fortunate to work with someone

so gifted." It is a creative partnership that goes both ways. "When I'm writing," Samson says, "I have to read pages to somebody I care about. David is that person. His instincts are excellent: He's extremely honest and quite pedantic."

Back in the '60s, when rock music was made largely by the young, Gilmour vowed "to go on till I'm 70." That means Gilmour has until March 6, 2016, to cram in a fifth solo album and then call it a day. Yet when retirement is mentioned, Gilmour responds: "Retiring? That's [death's] anteroom, isn't it? No. My ambition now is to achieve the best I can, without taking myself too seriously. But I do still have the ambition. I do still want to do something really good."

He's not the only rock veteran to feel that way. In June, the Who headlined Britain's most famous music festival, Glastonbury—although after the group's 71-year-old frontman, Roger Daltrey, contracted viral meningitis, the remaining dates of the band's U.S. tour were postponed until 2016. The Rolling Stones spent the past spring and summer touring the U.S. and Canada. David Bowie, who has suffered from heart problems, is due to release his 25th album, *Blackstar*, on his 69th birthday in

— "RETIRING? THAT'S [DEATH'S] ANTEROOM, ISN'T IT? NO."

January. Hard rockers AC/DC are touring even though one founding member, Malcolm Young, 62, had to retire because he suffers from early-onset dementia. Next month, Gilmour begins his South American tour with concerts in Brazil, Argentina and Chile. Then, in March, he'll head to the U.S. for the final leg of the *Rattle That Lock* tour. And after that? For the man who once described his musical approach as, "I just play whatever feels right," only one thing is clearly not the cards: not playing. **N**



THE CURATED LIFE

BRAND, JAMES BRAND

For lovers of the finer things in life, a new Bond movie is a treat

I WAS FORTUNATE enough to be invited by the watchmaker Omega to attend the premiere at London's Royal Albert Hall of *Spectre*, the latest James Bond movie. While waiting for the lights to dim, I flicked through the souvenir program and noticed a full-page advertisement that read: "We turn brands into screen icons." This alchemy is offered by the advertising company Digital Cinema Media. I am sure that DCM does a grand job—but when it comes to propelling luxury goods into cinematic immortality, to quote Carly Simon's theme tune from *The Spy Who Loved Me*, "Nobody Does It Better" than Bond.

All dramatic genres have their conventions. Take the classical unities of time, place and action that characterize the drama of the ancient world, for example, or the gory conclusion of the archetypal revenge tragedy. The Bond movie, with its glorious festival of branded consumption, is no exception.

Any 007 outing is required, as if by law, to feature an invigorating pre-title action sequence; a megalomaniac (preferably with a slightly foreign accent) bent on large-scale destruction; at least one conurbation-sized explosion; gadgets galore; and levels of sex and violence that would be familiar to students of Jacobean drama. But most important of all is the stuff—the products, the lifestyle accoutrements, without which Bond would not be Bond. Take away the dinner jacket, the Aston Martin, the Beretta and the vodka martini, and you have just another action hero. And that makes the Bond franchise an

exceptionally welcoming home for contemporary and classic brands.

Over the years, product placement has become a convention as fundamental as gunplay to the familiar and satisfying progression of Her Majesty's least secret agent through the carefully choreographed car chases, detours to exotic locations, and scenes of hand-to-hand combat and seduction. With *Spectre*, you are in for a treat if you like Omega watches, Aston Martin cars, Range Rovers, Bollinger champagne, Tom Ford suits and sunglasses (especially the pair Bond wears in Austria), Crockett & Jones shoes, Sony telephones, Belvedere vodka, Brunello Cucinelli leather jackets, N.Peal pullovers, Sunspel boxer shorts, Globe-Trotter suitcases and—we're nearly finished—Gillette razors. The official Bond razor is the Gillette FlexBall (although I think Gillette Thunderball has a better ring to it).

I became aware of 007's facial hair removal preferences thanks to heavy pre-film advertising, a tradition that stretches back over 50 years to the first Bond film, when Smirnoff placed an advertisement before the release of *Dr. No*. This ad was so far in advance of the public's understanding of what a Bond movie was that it needed to explain that Sean Connery was an actor and that he had been chosen to portray Bond because "he fitted the part to perfection."

Even before the film franchise had established itself the idea of James Bond as a sort of walking, talking, killing catalog model was well-established by the original Ian Fleming



BY
NICHOLAS FOULKES

novels. This latest two-and-a-half-hour lush serving suggestion of the life deluxe is wonderfully faithful to Fleming's vision of the world. Kingsley Amis, who wrote a Bond novel pseudonymously as Robert Markham, identified it as the "Fleming effect," a sense of plausibility that props up even the most far-fetched of yarns. The Fleming effect is founded on the British spy novelist's mastery of the material world. Anthony Burgess put it rather well when he said, "It is the mastery of things rather than people that gives Fleming his particular niche."

Fleming was a brand fanatic. He could not help himself—even everyday appliances were name-checked. "Ventaxia" [sic], the electric fan manufacturer, is the first brand to be noted in line five of Chapter 1 of *Moonraker*. But it was as a student of the good life that Fleming excelled: His novels are full of vintage wine and special blends of cigarettes in lavishly described cigarette cases.

Curiously, although much is made these days of Bond's wardrobe, Fleming was vague about

the clothes his hero wore. (In those days, Bond was bespoke tailored rather than a prêt-à-porter man.) By contrast, just as William Blake described John Milton as being "of the Devil's party without knowing it," so Fleming dressed his villains far more carefully than he did Bond. *Moonraker*'s Sir Hugo Drax wears "a dark blue pinstripe in light-weight flannel, double-breasted with turnback cuffs, a heavy white silk shirt with a stiff collar, an unobtrusive tie with a small grey and white check, modest cufflinks which looked like Cartier, and a plain gold Patek Philippe watch with a black leather strap." And my personal favorite is Count Lippe, a supporting villain from *Thunderball*, who dresses in "a casually well-cut beige herring-bone tweed that suggests Anderson and Sheppard. He wore a white silk shirt and a dark red polka-dot tie and the soft dark brown V-necked sweater looked like vicuna." Lippe also favors shirts by Charvet and drives a violet Bentley.

Anyone who can begin a novel with the line, "There are moments of great luxury in the life of a secret agent"—as Fleming does in *Live and Let Die*—clearly enjoys the better things that life has to offer, and this juxtaposition of evil and aestheticism conveys a message that is as relevant today as it was when the first of Fleming's novels was published in 1953. There is a reassurance about the fact that although the world will always be threatened by violent maniacs, there is also always the

"PRODUCT PLACEMENT IS AS FUNDAMENTAL AS GUNPLAY TO THE PROGRESSION OF HER MAJESTY'S LEAST SECRET AGENT."

consoling presence of a beautiful watch, fast car, exquisite suit or, if you prefer, Gillette FlexBall.

At one point in *Spectre*, Bond utters the words "*tempus fugit*" as coded instructions to his girlfriend to throw an exploding Omega watch at the long-suffering villain Ernst Stavro Blofeld, played by Christoph Waltz. Leaving the Albert Hall after the screening, another Latin tag sprung to mind: "*Carpe diem*." To quote a line from the 1964 amorality tale *Nothing but the Best*, starring Alan Bates: "Let's face it. It's a rotten, stinking world. But there are some smashing things in it." ■

LIVE AND LET BUY: Since the beginning, Bond has been surrounded by luxury, and everything from vodka companies to car manufacturers has cashed in to the tune of millions.

+



REWIND

50
YEARS



NOVEMBER 22, 1965

NEWSWEEK'S NOVEMBER 22, 1965, COVER STORY ON THE NORTHEAST BLACKOUT OF NOVEMBER 9 TO 10.

“At 5:17 p.m. in Buffalo, 5:17 in Rochester, 5:18 in Boston, 5:28 in Albany, 5:24 to 5:28 in New York

City, the clocks in the megalopolis sputtered to a standstill. Lights blinked and dimmed and went out. Skyscrapers towered black against a cold November sky, mere artifacts lit only by the moon.”